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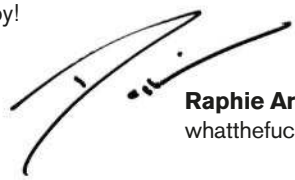
FROM THE EDITOR

UNLESS you're blind or really don't give a shit, you probably noticed the theme of this month's issue is Shameless. Naturally, I've been thinking a lot about shamelessness, and I've come to realize that it's a horrible theme. Months ago, I thought it would be amusing to highlight people whose audacity makes them insensible to disgrace. Months ago, I thought about how great it would be to evangelize about boundaries and human decency. And months ago, I was binge-watching Showtime's *Shameless,* so it all kinda made sense then. But the more I thought about it, the muddier the notion of shamelessness became. It no longer felt like an axiom with clear-cut, universally defined borders, rather it felt like a judgment. Shamelessness is in the eye of the beholder. What feels shameful to me may be perfectly reasonable to someone else, and hell, I'm sure there are a few of you out there who think that I'm pretty fucking shameless. Maybe I am…or maybe who cares. But irrespective of the subjective levels of shame (or lack thereof) included in this issue, I think it's a pretty fun read.

Enjoy!



Raphie Aronowitz
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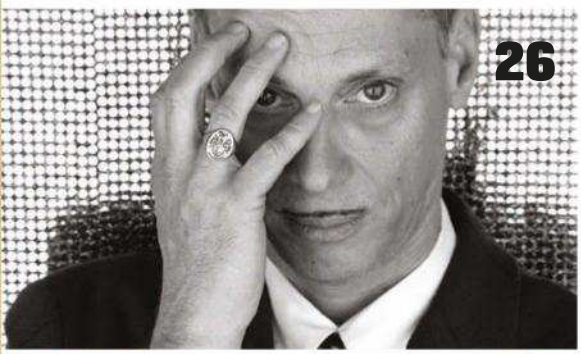
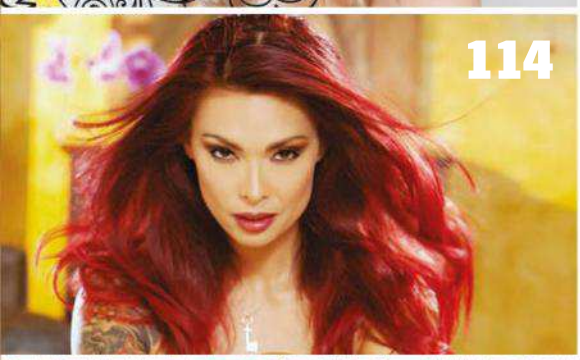
CHARMED AND DANGEROUS

September Pet of the Month, Molly Stewart





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June 2017
Pet of the Month
Olive Glass

MAIL DOMINANCE

FIFTH-YEAR SENIOR

Following @Penthouse on Twitter is like catching up with that old high school friend. Your life sucks but they stayed awesome all these years.

–Andrew V., via Twitter

[Ed: Awwww. We can be awesome together, Andrew.]

NO STRANGER TO CONTROVERSY

I have long suspected magazines of using generic quotes in their spreads, but now it seems my fears are valid. In your May and June issues, both Pets of the Month–Charlotte Stokely and Olive Glass–coincidentally chose the same exact quote word for word. Am I right for thinking "conspiracy," or am I just reaching?

–Sonny A., via USPS

[Ed: No conspiracy, Sonny. Just two gals who feel the same way about stranger-fucking. I'm amazed that people actually read the quotes instead of licking the pages.]

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

CUCK QUEEN

BY the time we'd reached our third anniversary, my husband and I were sleeping in separate bedrooms. It had been four months since we'd last had sex, and every interaction was tinged with resentment. My therapist believed John felt emasculated by my success in business and role as breadwinner. As my career thrived, John's continued to stall. Still, I wasn't buying this justification for our sexless marriage. Something crucial was missing.

I first met John under precarious circumstances during my final year of college. I'd just moved off-campus into a cramped two-bedroom with my friend Rachel, a stripper who danced under the name Cinnamon.

Rachel and I couldn't have been more different: she was petite, brash, and attention-seeking, while I'm tall, slender, and reserved. It was never surprising when my male peers found reasons to drop by unannounced and eye-fuck Rachel.

It was just after 2 A.M. when I first encountered my future husband. I'd just finished an exhausting bartending shift and could hear the rhythmic pounding of Rachel's headboard as I unlocked our apartment door. I slipped my boots off and tiptoed across the living room. Her bedroom door was cracked just enough that I could see Rachel's round, pale ass writhing in the air.

As I peered into her room, her lover noticed me in the doorway. We held eye contact as he continued to pound my oblivious roommate from behind.

"Do you want my come?" he asked me, not her.

I was instantly wet. I nodded silently, transfixed.

He pulled out, flipped Rachel over, and pushed his cock into her mouth, watching me as he fucked her face until he came.

It all happened so fast. I felt lightheaded as I retreated to my bedroom. I laid down and masturbated to the thought of this mysterious stranger locking eyes with me as he unloaded in my roommate's mouth.

When I woke up the next morning, I noticed that Rachel's car wasn't in the driveway. As I headed toward the kitchen for coffee, I saw her lover stretched across the bed. He smiled and I froze in the doorway. The room still smelled musky from sex.

Neither of us spoke as we sized each other up. Like a woman possessed, I pulled my shirt off and walked over to him. "I haven't showered," he warned. He reeked of pussy and the cheap drugstore perfume Rachel wore.

I grabbed his face and he twirled his tongue with mine. I pressed my body into his and slid down to his waist. As I sucked and slobbered his cock, I asked how he knew Rachel. He told me she'd given him a lap dance the night before.

"Go on," I pressed, trails of drool running from his dick to my chin.

He said that she'd offered to give him a handjob in the champagne room. I was on the verge of bursting as his fingers reached down to my clit. He thrusted in and out of my mouth. "I told her that I could easily jerk myself off, and would rather feel her tight pussy." With that, my entire body tensed and I came all over his hand. Seconds later, he exploded into my mouth.

A year later we were married. But as time passed, that wild, intense electricity between us drained away. Sex became depressingly routine. Eventually we took to sleeping apart. It got that sad.

Last week, I caught John masturbating to internet porn. It certainly wasn't surprising, but I felt hurt, given that we hadn't had sex in months. Once again, I found myself watching him. The longer he touched himself, the more turned-on I became.

I pushed the door open and touched his shoulder lightly. He flinched and ripped the headphones off. "Christ, you scared the shit out of me!" I smirked and slid my pants off, then took a seat in his lap. I had a sudden urge to fuck him.

The open tab on his computer was a POV of a man receiving a blowjob from a brunette with pigtails. I yanked the headphones from the speaker jack so I could hear the deep-throat gagging. John looked embarrassed as he paused the video, leaving the starlet's eyes wide as she choked on her partner's dick.

The missing element of our sex life suddenly became very clear: My husband lusting over other women made me insanely hot. Maybe I had been afraid to admit it to myself? It all seemed so obvious now.

"A threesome?" he asked matter-of-factly.

THE MISSING ELEMENT OF OUR SEX LIFE SUDDENLY BECAME VERY CLEAR: MY HUSBAND LUSTING OVER OTHER WOMEN MADE ME INSANELY HOT.

"I mean, maybe? It's not necessarily about me interacting with other women. It's more about watching you fuck them."

I hit play on the video and the gagging continued. John spit into his hand and reached into my panties, thumbing my stiffening clit. With his other hand, he jerked himself off, still fixated on the computer screen.

"I should have realized this when you clearly enjoyed the taste of your roommate's pussy on my cock," he whispered, rubbing my clit harder and harder. He felt strong again. Suddenly, he lifted me out of the computer chair and threw me over the desk.

"Did you know I had sex with your friend Sara before we met?"

My stomach lurched. I thought I'd introduced Sara to John at our wedding reception. The idea of them sharing a knowing look during our ceremony made me sick with jealousy, but it also made me so hot I couldn't control myself.

John grabbed a handful of my hair and thrust deep and hard. I shoved my fingers into his mouth and let his spit gather on my hands before rubbing myself. He grabbed my hips and I rose to my tippy-toes, fucking him back as hard as I could. I was panting and screaming for him while he slapped my ass cheeks like I was being scolded.

With a synchronicity that we hadn't experienced in years, we came together. Too exhausted to move, we collapsed on the floor and he pulled my face toward his. Our first kiss in months.

That was exactly one week ago. Tonight, once we're both home from work, we plan to download Tinder. I'm going to suck my husband's cock while he swipes right on prospective dates and explains (in great detail) why he wants to fuck them. Then I plan to read John's messages to them and masturbate myself into oblivion.

—Rebecca J., Athens, Georgia

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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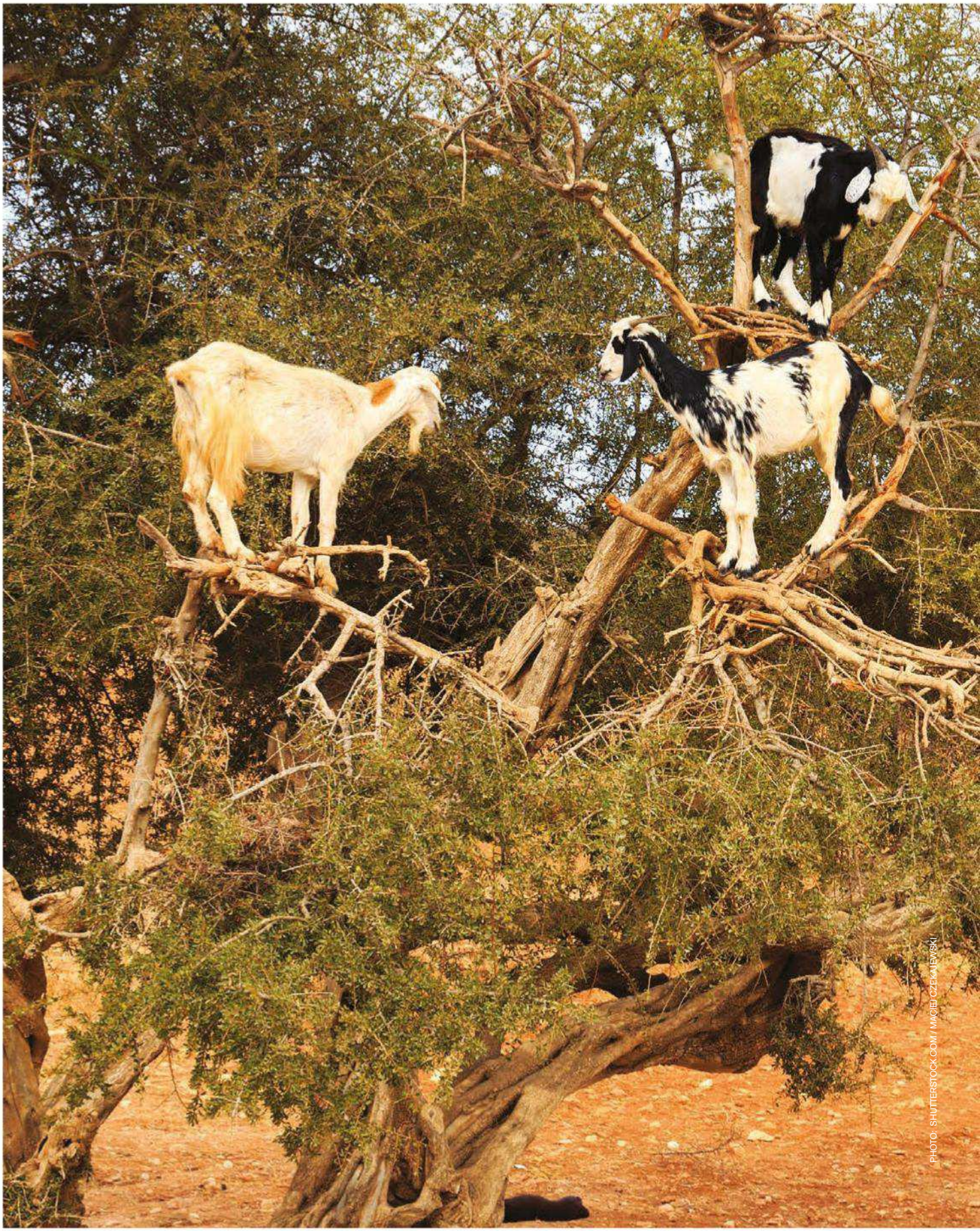

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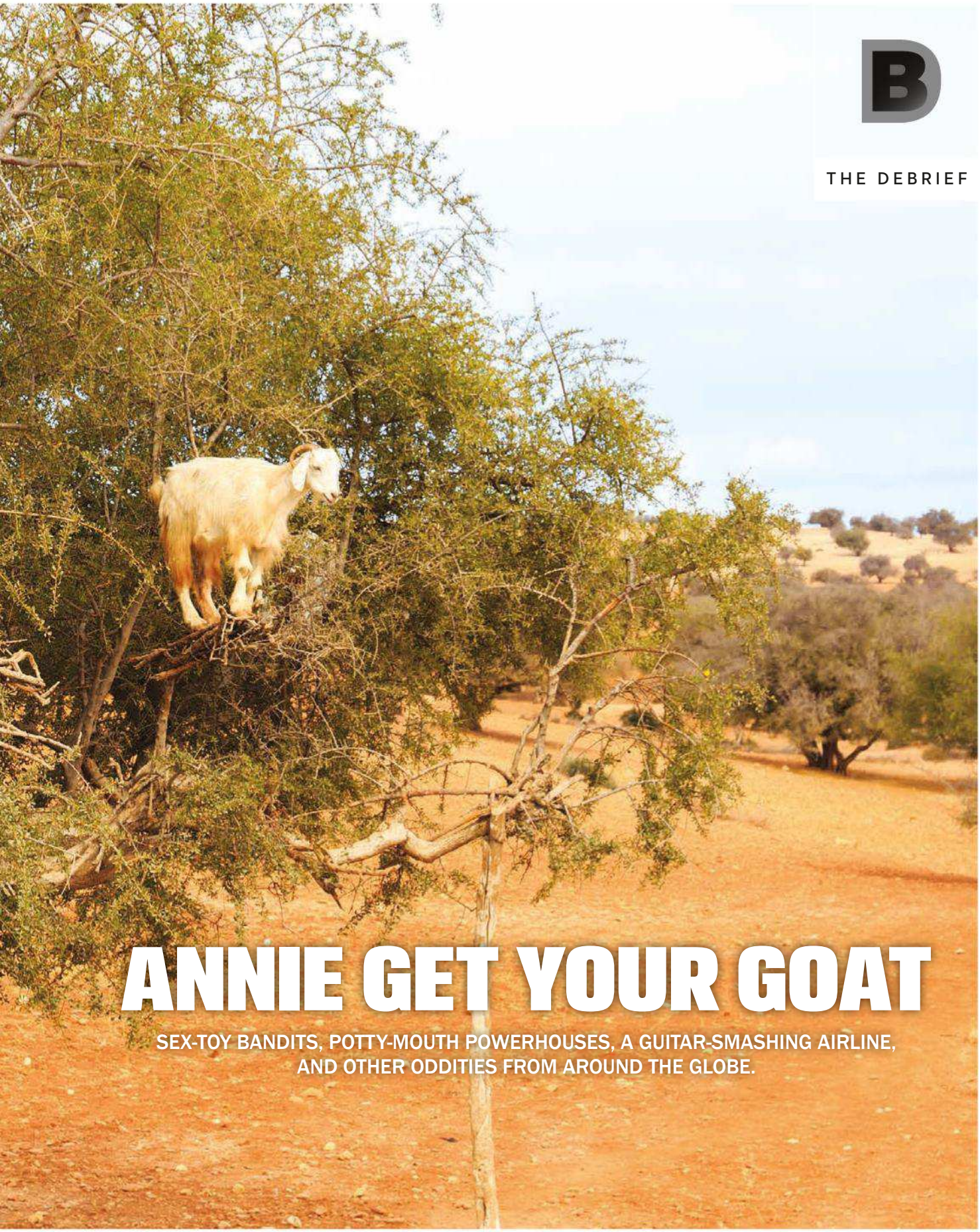
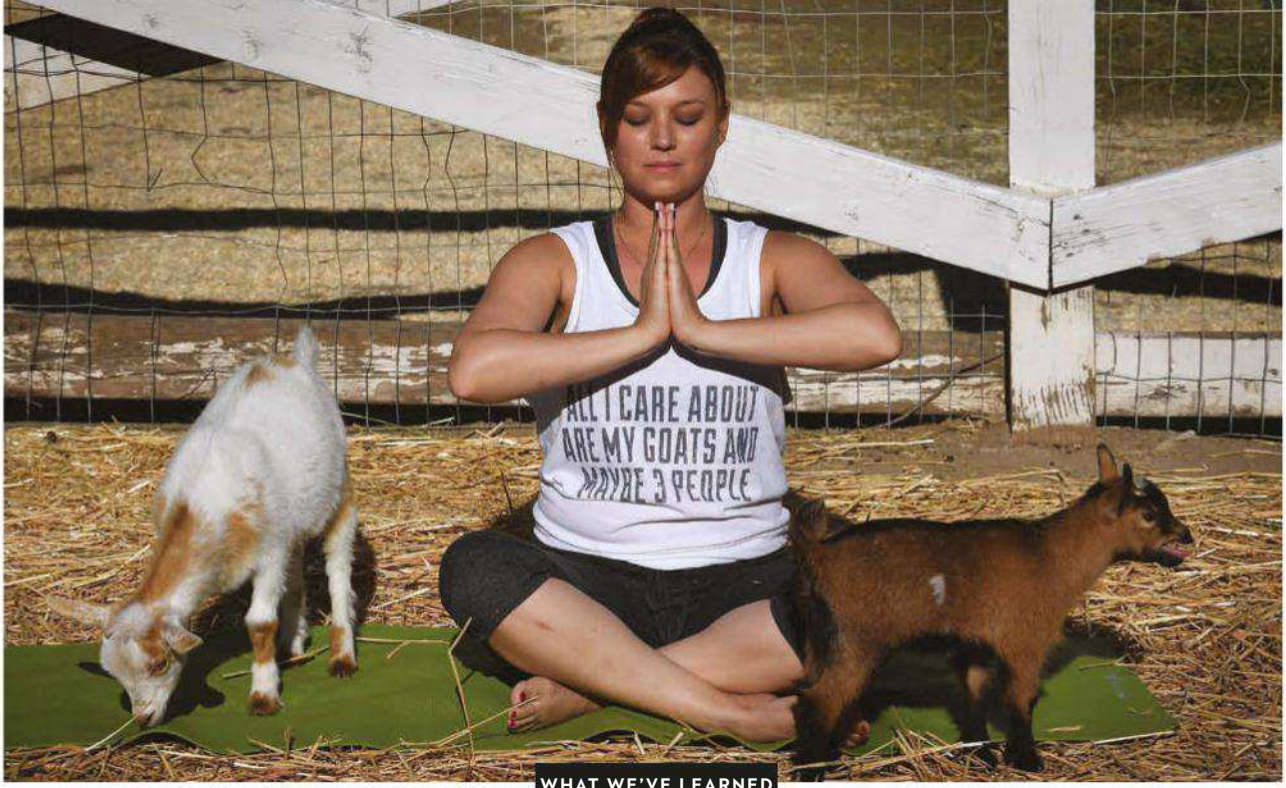


ANNIE GET YOUR GOAT

SEX-TOY BANDITS, POTTY-MOUTH POWERHOUSES, A GUITAR-SMASHING AIRLINE, AND OTHER ODDITIES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.



WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

DOWNWARD-FACING GOAT

BACK in March 2015, Brown University took coddling to the next level when they opened a "safe space" for students who felt "triggered" by a rape-culture debate between leftist author Jessica Valenti and libertarian speaker Wendy McElroy. According to the *New York Times,* the campus playpen was equipped with "cookies, coloring books, bubbles, Play-Doh, calming music, pillows, blankets, and a video of frolicking puppies."

In a world where we indulge every brooding whim of young adults and people fly with emotional support ducks, it comes as no surprise that the latest wellness trend taps into a warm and fuzzy petting-zoo vibe. At a farm in New Hampshire, people are flocking to take a shot at "goat yoga," and it's proving insanely popular. More than 350 yogis are on a waiting list so they, too, can experience cuddly Nigerian goats crawling all over their backs as they float through their vinyasa.

Apparently, being around goats can help lower blood pressure, diminish stress and anxiety, and, moreover, allow less experienced patrons to feel more "comfortable trying something new." And we thought they just made you smell like shit. Kudos to Jenness Farm for developing what seems like the most pungent (and pathetic) yoga class ever.

MASTURBATORY MARAUDERS

WHILE the rest of America was washing down hot dogs with Budweiser last Memorial Day, two thieves in Las Vegas managed to rob the warehouse of a sex-toy company—twice.

Security footage from Lelo's storage facility showed two middle-aged men pulling up in a sedan, entering the building, and making off with approximately 30,000 Hex condoms. (A 12-pack of these revolutionary and allegedly impenetrable come-catchers retails for $20 at Target.) But apparently the condoms were not enough.

Riding the high of their initial heist, the "rubber robbers" (give credit to CNN for that one) returned the following morning for another raid. This time they focused on an intimidating, remote-controlled prostate massager called the Hugo that retails for $200-plus, and boosted 48 packets of Luna Beads (a variation on Ben Wa balls meant to strengthen women's vaginal muscles).

The heists led to an epic Lelo press release asking for help catching the "horniest criminals in the world." And the U.S. president of the Swedish company, Pavle Sedic, commented, "At this stage, we'll be happy if the thieves just use the condoms on themselves. They seemed to have a very clear idea what they were looking for."

So if anyone comes across a guy on the Strip selling vibrating butt plugs out of the trunk of his car, give Mr. Sedic a jingle.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / MARK RALSTON

FUCK YOU, LORD! NOW GIVE ME STRENGTH!

READ this out loud: FUCKMONKEY! SHITSPITTER! CUMBUBBLE! THUNDERCUNT! BITCHTITS! PISSBUCKET! There. You are now more powerful.

According to Richard Stephens at England's Keele University, swearing not only makes people stronger, but more tolerant of pain. Presenting his findings at the 2017 annual conference of the British Psychological Society, Stephens detailed his experiment: Subjects completed short, intense intervals on a stationary bike, then performed an isometric handgrip test—both with and without profanities. The results? Using their favorite curse words in a "steady and calm" voice made the participants pedal faster and their grip more forceful.

Back in 2009, Stephens conducted a similar experiment. He made his human guinea pigs submerge their hands in a bucket of ice water for as long as they could withstand. Big shocker—those who swore could keep their fingers frozen for almost twice as long as those who used neutral words.

Stephens believes there is a direct correlation between cursing and emotion.

"These psychology studies demonstrate that there is more to swearing than routine offense-causing or a lack of linguistic hygiene," Stephens lectured. "Language is a sophisticated tool kit and swearing is a useful component."

We're thinking this comes as great news to everyone who works at this magazine.

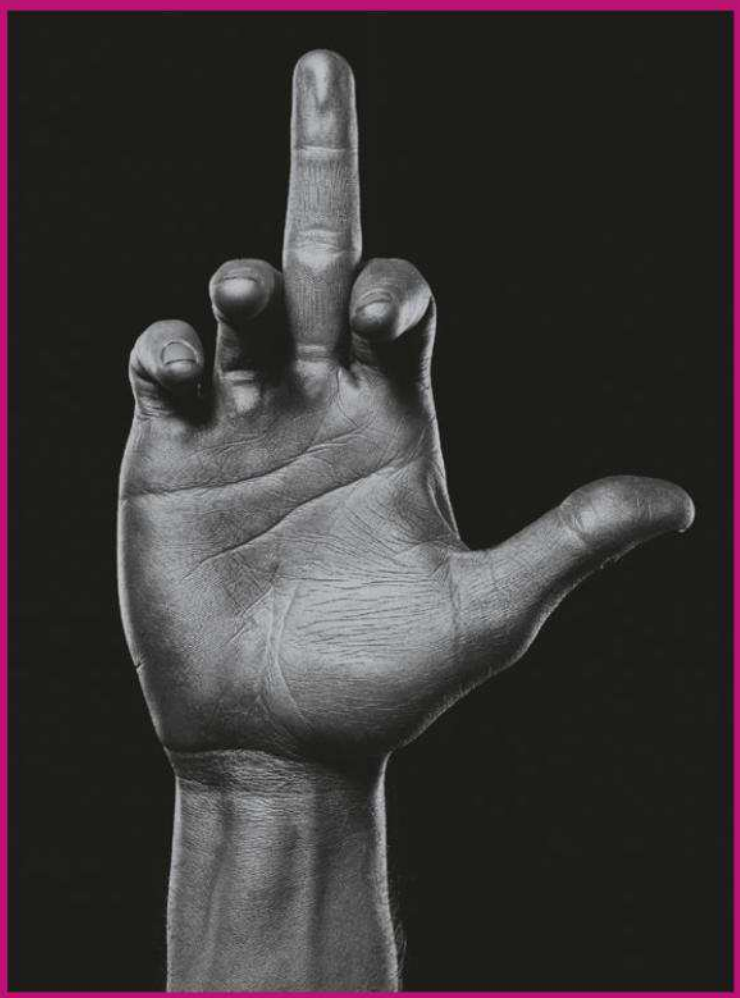


PHOTO: TOP: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / MIAL ILLIC

THE UGLY TRUTH

IT'S a well-known fact that beautiful people lead happier lives. Just look at the Kardashians. Just kidding—they're even more miserable than we are! But still, being hot is an advantage, right? Apparently not so much if you're a scientist.

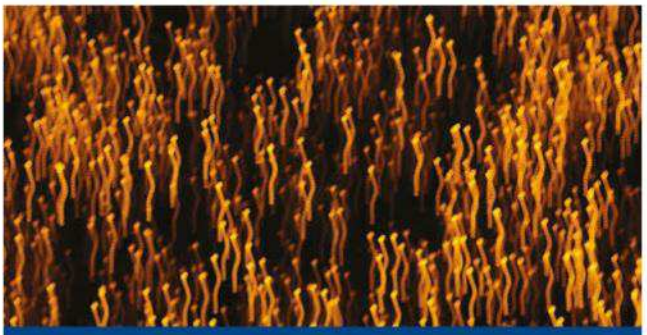
According to *Business Insider,* beautiful people are perceived to be healthier, more trustworthy, and way more intelligent than the rest of us. This bias appears to permeate every field except science. That's right, dorks. Having slightly below-average looks could work in your favor if you're a science nerd.

A study conducted by Ana Gheorghiu, a PhD student studying psychology at the University of Essex (we Googled her, she's hot), proved that people are more likely to believe the research of an unattractive scientist.

Gheorghiu gave 3,700 participants a thousand different photos of scientists to be rated on their looks, perceived intelligence, and sociability. She and her team found that although conventionally attractive geneticists and physicists drew intrigue from the subjects, they weren't trusted as much as the average-looking scientists.

Why does this matter? Gheorghiu argues that in today's digital world, even lab moles like herself can end up in the public eye. The lesson? Lady researchers should consider curling their lashes and puckering their lips to lure people into their hypotheses, but be sure to ugly themselves up when sharing the data.

The world is a cruel, cruel place—even for hot scientists.



SPERMS IN SPAAAACE

SCIENTISTS at the University of Yamanashi in Kofu, Japan, are not afraid of the future. In fact, they are looking forward to a time when we humans will be spending decades in space. And like most things, studying the possibility of living out there invariably leads to sex talk. Because how would you fuck while floating around weightless in the ether? (Damn. Solid idea for a video.)

In space, radiation is a hundred times stronger than down here on Earth—even the slightest exposure is likened to nuking your nuts in a microwave. The Japanese researchers wanted to find out if prolonged exposure outside of Earth's protective atmosphere would mess with male fertility. So researchers freeze-dried some mouse sperm, shot a load to the International Space Station, and used it to knock up female space-mice. (See, just like chicken fajitas and ice cream sandwiches, jizz, too, can be freeze-dried.)

The mission was considered a success, even though the resulting space-pups had a few more DNA defects than babies that came from a freeze-dried Earth sperm sample. Of course, mice are not human, so this study doesn't mean much for us yet. Not to worry—they are sending up fruit flies for the next round of interstellar intercourse. (Apparently their cardiovascular system is similar to ours.)

As intriguing as this all sounds, blowing a load in zero gravity still sounds like a bitch to clean up.

AMAZON NO

AMAZON wants you to imagine a grocery store with no cashiers or checkout lines. Amazon Go, the latest in the virtual giant's pursuit of global domination, is being hailed as the world's most advanced shopping experience (at least according to the people who write Amazon's press declarations).

Employing their cleverly named "Just Walk Out Technology," which is fancy talk for a series of sensors, lasers, and buzzers, Amazon Go aims to eliminate the need for cashiers, security, and other pesky human resources.

To enter the store, shoppers must first sign in to the Amazon Go app. Once inside, the app tracks your purchases as you fill your cart. When you exit, door sensors figure out what to charge your account. So far, there's a prototype Amazon Go store in Seattle, available only to Amazon employees, but their completely vague website alludes to plans to roll out more stores at some undisclosed point in the future.

Call us crazy, but we prefer the mano-a-mano challenge of shoplifting the old-fashioned way.

HAYDARS GONNA HATE

MONA Haydar is a gorgeous Syrian-American female hailing from Flint, Michigan…and she's pretty damn awesome.

Haydar leads classes and retreats on mindful Islamic spirituality to share her faith's beauty and rich history while actively (and thankfully) dispelling the myth that all Muslims are radicalized terror-mongers. Her heart is filled with love, her soul smolders with passion, her belly is full of fire (and a baby, because she's pregnant), but her rap game is a disaster.

And while we at *Penthouse* support her activism, we strongly encourage her to find a different creative outlet, or go to rap school, or something.

Don't be discouraged, Mona. Jennifer Love Hewitt, Tyra Banks, Kim Kardashian, and Paris Hilton also suck at music, and they're doing just fine.

Now, go do that thing where you tear down prejudices about Syrian-American women through lectures and leave the rapping to Nicki Minaj…or literally anyone else.

PHOTO: TOP LEFT: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / STEIBER, TOP RIGHT: PRESSMASTER, BOTTOM: GETTY IMAGES / KRISTA KENNELL

TEST-TUBE CHICKEN

WE all know the guy—huge carnivore. The type who goes to a steak house, orders the 32-ounce porterhouse and a side of sausage-stuffed duck. The whole bird! He'd suck the fat off the bone like a junkie with a morphine lollipop.

Then, his lady makes him watch *Cowspiracy,* the documentary about the beef industry, and he flips his lid. He spends the next few weeks gorging himself on one animal-rights movie after another, sharing each gag-inducing detail with anyone who'll listen. Something has to change. Slaughtering animals is cruel. Too real. He decides to go vegetarian…or (*gasp!*) vegan.

Yet after a week of eating broccoli and bananas, he finds himself dreaming of lobster on the regular. Tofurkey? Not even close…but he chokes it down, knowing he's doing his part with every bite. Well, call that fucker up and tell him to rest easy, because the San Francisco-based Memphis Meats has a bizarro solution.

These Silicon Valley geniuses figured out a way to produce real chicken, duck, and beef meat using cell harvesting and reproduction. Called "clean meat," the Memphis Meats creation delivers all the meaty meat you crave, without animal cruelty—which is amazing…and odd…and creepy…and gross.

Still, kudos to this company for the revolution. Yes, there's an undeniable barf factor with lab-cultivated meat, but this could also be the solution to health and environmental concerns surrounding mass animal slaughter. Not to mention the dent it could put into world hunger. And as queasy as this makes us, we're down to try some clean bacon. It can't be any worse than pink-slime McNuggets.

UNITED WE FALL

WHEN is United Airlines going to quit hiring bouncers instead of flight attendants? Seriously. You're an airline, not a titty club. Still, the (un)Friendly Skies company continues to piss off its passengers by not accepting some of the most precious carry-on cargo in existence: musical instruments.

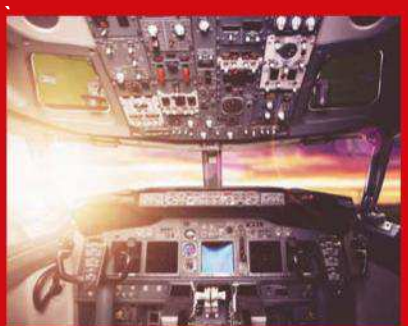
One Canadian country singer was so angry when United destroyed his Taylor acoustic guitar—which they forced him to check—that he wrote a song about it. (Check out Dave Carroll's "United Breaks Guitars"; the fuck-you ditty has over 17 million YouTube views.) Then there was that Florida cellist who had her instrument smashed to pieces by United baggage handlers. And did we mention violinist Yura Lee, who was kicked off a flight for attempting to store her violin under the seat in front of her?

Recently, another concert violinist was attacked by a just-doing-my-job United employee, who attempted to "wrestle" her violin out of her hands.

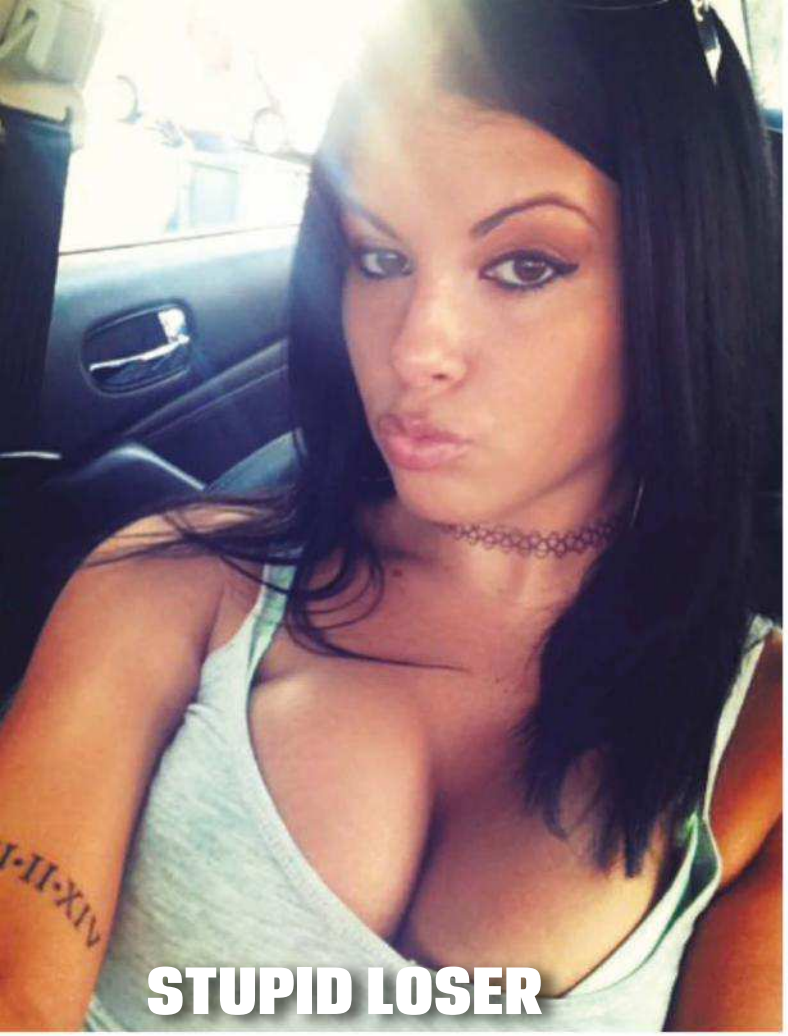
Yennifer Correia was on her way from Houston to St. Louis to rehearse with the Missouri Symphony Orchestra. She requested to carry on her instrument. A United supervisor told Correia that she had to check it, but she protested, explaining it was a fragile, one-of-a-kind violin built four centuries ago. As the dispute escalated, the supervisor suddenly lunged for the cased violin, which is when the struggle ensued.

The whole thing is bizarre given that it says this on United's website: "You may carry a violin, guitar, or other small musical instrument onboard as part of your carry-on baggage allowance as long as the instrument is placed in a hard case and there is space in the overhead bins or under the seat in front of you when you board the aircraft."

You guessed it, Correia is suing the airline. But as the Canadian country singer demonstrated, claims against United sometimes do better if you stick it to them through social media. #NewUnitedAirlinesMottos



PHOTOS: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BOTTOM: STUDIO SMART



STUPID LOSER

PARTY girl and selfie addict Maxine Hansen got her 15 minutes of fame after she live-streamed a Facebook video that helped bring a SWAT team to her hotel room. Hansen, 25, was partying at Manhattan's swank Gramercy Park Hotel when she decided to share a vid of herself and some aspiring wangsters showing off their top-shelf booze and BB guns.

Have you seen a BB gun lately? The good ones look very real. Real enough to fool the cops, who soon came knocking on Hansen's hotel room door. The guns were fake, but the crystal meth and heroin were not. Hansen was charged with felony criminal possession of a controlled substance, along with raps for imitation firearm and pot possession. (Her lawyer later got the charges dropped to a misdemeanor.)

It turns out that queeenmaxine, as she calls herself on Instagram, was okay with what went down. Why? It got her lots of tabloid attention. She hammed it up during her arraignment, flipping her hair, flirting with officers, sticking her chest out, and posing for pictures, executing her well-practiced duck face.

As for the actual arrest, it did briefly cramp her style. "They held us forever, and were asking me all these questions, and I'm like, look at me, I look like Britney Spears, I didn't do shit," she told the *New York Post* while stripping off her jailhouse scrubs after being released on bond. Hansen then suggested they make a reality show about her called *Rikers Gone Wild.* "I'm so animated. And my whole life has been wildness," she wheezed.

"You know I'm gonna be fucking rich, right?" she added, alluding to a lawsuit. The self-declared inheritance baby then called herself the "black, rich sheep" of a "smart, rich family."

When she was back in court in June and got sentenced to 90 days in the big house, she came across as a little less "animated."

We sincerely hope queeenmaxine looks good in orange.

GUMMY MOORE

TWO years ago, 21-year-old Edenilson Steven Valle drowned in Demi Moore's Beverly Hills swimming pool. The actress was out of town at the time, but her assistant decided to throw a party at her boss's house, because. . .duh.

Like most Hollywood stars, Moore has a nice pool complete with decorative (and slippery) rock edges. There are no depth markers. The new wrongful-death lawsuit filed by Valle's family claims that the unmarked deep end, along with poor lighting and the water being heated to 101 degrees, caused Valle's death. Never mind that Valle didn't know how to swim, he'd been drinking, and he allegedly fell in after everyone had left.

So yeah, Moore has been stressed-the-fuck-out lately. But we didn't know that stress can cause you to lose teeth. When Moore appeared on the Jimmy Fallon show, the 54-year-old actress showed photos of herself with her front teeth missing, like a proud Lot Lizard post-bar fight.

"Stress sheared off my front tooth," she told Fallon. "I lost both [my front teeth] actually, but the picture only shows minus the one." Moore then went on about how stress is the number-two killer of Americans after heart disease. (We're pretty sure cancer, respiratory issues, and obesity are up there, too, but okay.)

"I literally knocked it out," Moore continued, flashing her veneers. "It was like [my teeth] fell out, and my warranty was up."

Hopefully her dumbass assistant offered to kick in for her dentures.

FRUIT NINJA

DID you know that you can break someone's jaw with an avocado? A New York cashier found this out the hard way when he tried to boot two belligerent idiots from his bodega.

Apparently the deli's sandwich-maker did not have the greatest grasp of the English language, which caused the patrons to become irritated when he couldn't understand their order. They started to harass the poor guy relentlessly.

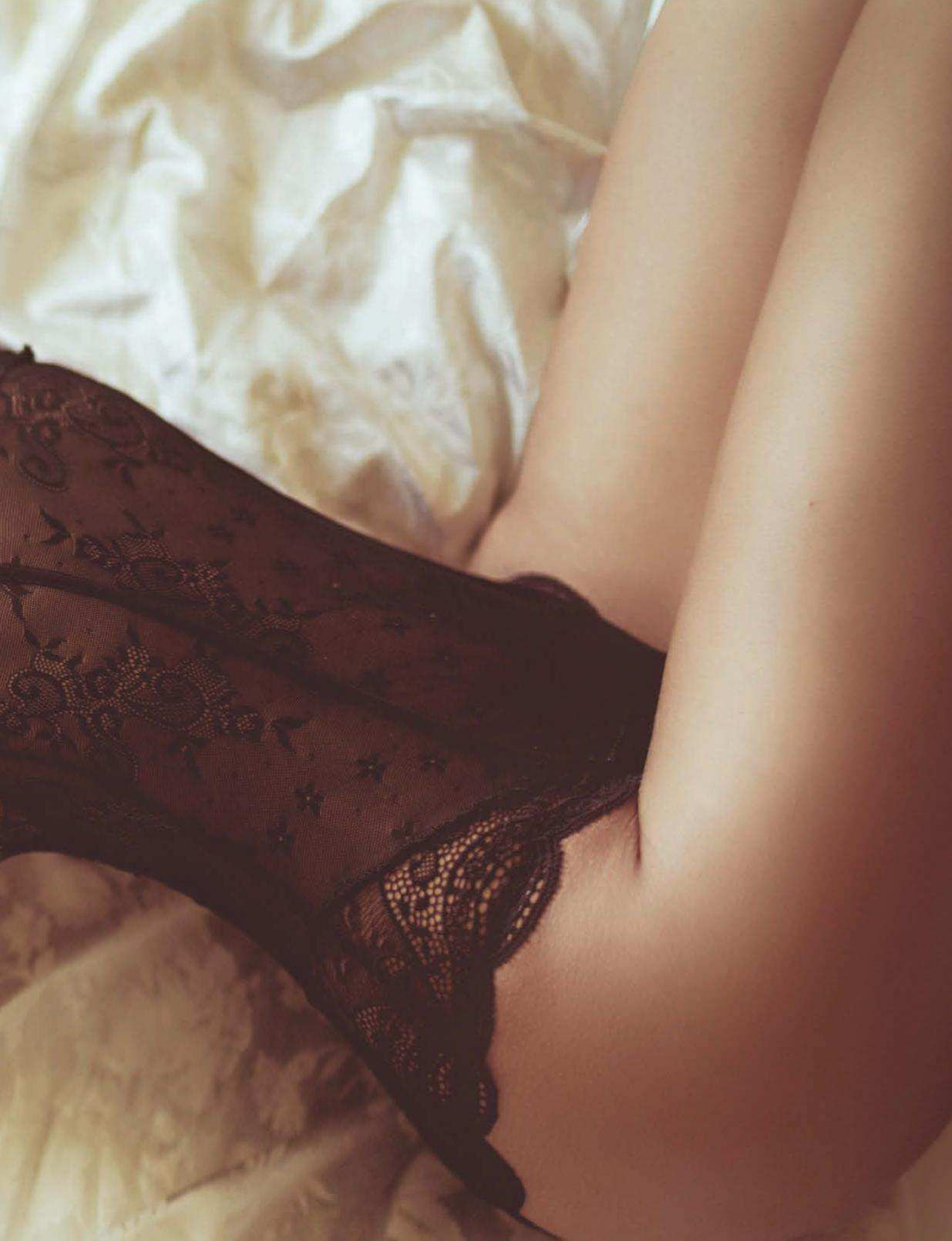
When a 21-year-old cashier stepped in and asked the shitheads to leave, they began hurling bananas and avocados at him. The avocados must have been far from guacamole-ready, because one of them managed to fracture the employee's orbital, break his jaw, and gash his cheek. The fact that the pitching perp was a former college ballplayer with professional baseball aspirations didn't do the cashier's face any favors.

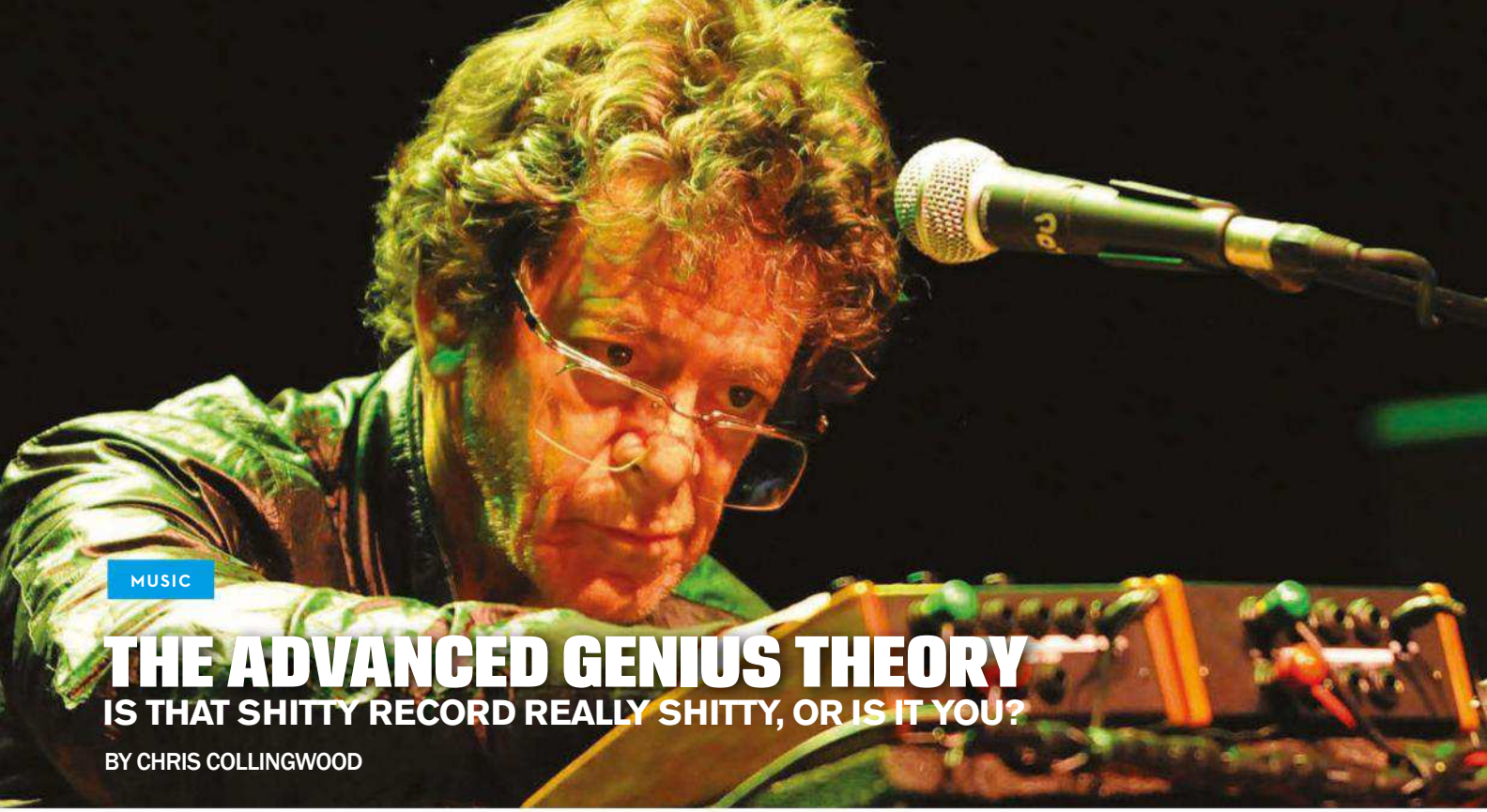
Moral of the story? When you accidentally leave your brass knuckles at home, grab a few avocados. Unripe fruit is an effective weapon, especially if you're an asshole.

PHOTO: LEFT: INSTAGRAM.COM/QUEENMAXINE / RIGHT: TWITTER.COM/JUSTDEMI

She is just a simple woman
who wants her salad tossed.

PENTHOUSECAMS.COM





MUSIC

THE ADVANCED GENIUS THEORY

IS THAT SHITTY RECORD REALLY SHITTY, OR IS IT YOU?

BY CHRIS COLLINGWOOD

BEFORE Spotify, Pandora, and Tidal, there were überfans called completists—people who obsessively collected their favorite artists' entire catalogs. These people were good news for a once-booming music industry that, in its heyday, sold metric tons of real, physical product. Maybe better news for, say, Bob Dylan when he put out a shitty gospel record, or David Bowie when he inexplicably started a god-awful band called Tin Machine with the sons of schlock comedian Soupy Sales. Completism is like marriage: You take the bad with the good and ride out the rough patches no matter what.

And if it seems like all legendary musicians go through rough patches, it's probably because going off the rails is damn near expected from a true genius. After all, what is genius but an uncommon openness to broader possibilities? And who's supposed to decide what those possibilities actually are? Not us.

Enter the Advanced Genius Theory, a comically uplifting idea hatched by Jason Hartley and Britt Bergman in a South Carolina Pizza Hut, and the subject of a 2010 book called *The Advanced Genius Theory: Are They Out of Their Minds or Ahead of Their Time?* written by Hartley. Simply put: When a genius releases something that you think is awful, you're wrong. What actually happened is that the artist advanced beyond your mortal comprehension. The genius, by this (circular) argument, is a genius and is therefore more qualified to judge what is genius and what is not. The shitty gospel album isn't shitty—you are.

Okay, so you need to suspend your disbelief a little (a lot) and shelve your cynicism to buy into this line of thinking. But if you commit to it fully, you'll start hearing music you thought you hated in a different light. Originally conceived to explain away the spectacular failures of Bob Dylan and Lou Reed, the theory was expanded to accommodate other fallen geniuses in different stages, subcategories, and tiers of "Advancement."

It turns out the "Advanced" have a good deal in common, as the main thing they've advanced beyond is giving a shit. Freed from that constraint, true geniuses don't do what's expected of them, rather they do what they want. They sell out by endorsing beer, Cadillacs, and in extreme cases Honda scooters. "Never afraid of looking terrible," they embrace gimmicky technology and hideous guitars. And don a very specific look: black leather jackets, unironic mullets, and dark sunglasses (the "Advanced Trinity"), not coincidentally rocked by Bowie, Reed, Miles Davis, and Michael Jackson. Lest you think the look alone denotes Advancement, observe Billy Joel and Alice Cooper, both of whom tried it on, but are disqualified from the category by their non-genius bodies of work (hey, I don't make the rules).

Like a lot of ideas born in Pizza Huts, the theory sparked (and remains open to) vigorous and continuous debate. Mick Jagger's Advancement, for example, is evident in his late 1960s wardrobe, "a mixture of Gandalf and Philadelphia Eagles cheerleader." Sting and Bono are more difficult cases. Half the fun is figuring out who is Advanced and why. (Hint: Lute players don't give a shit.)

Important-sounding science-like name aside, the theory is more of an optimistic philosophy—a real-life way to see a silk purse in a sow's ear. I spoke to Hartley about the idea's enduring impact. He was rightfully proud of his legacy.

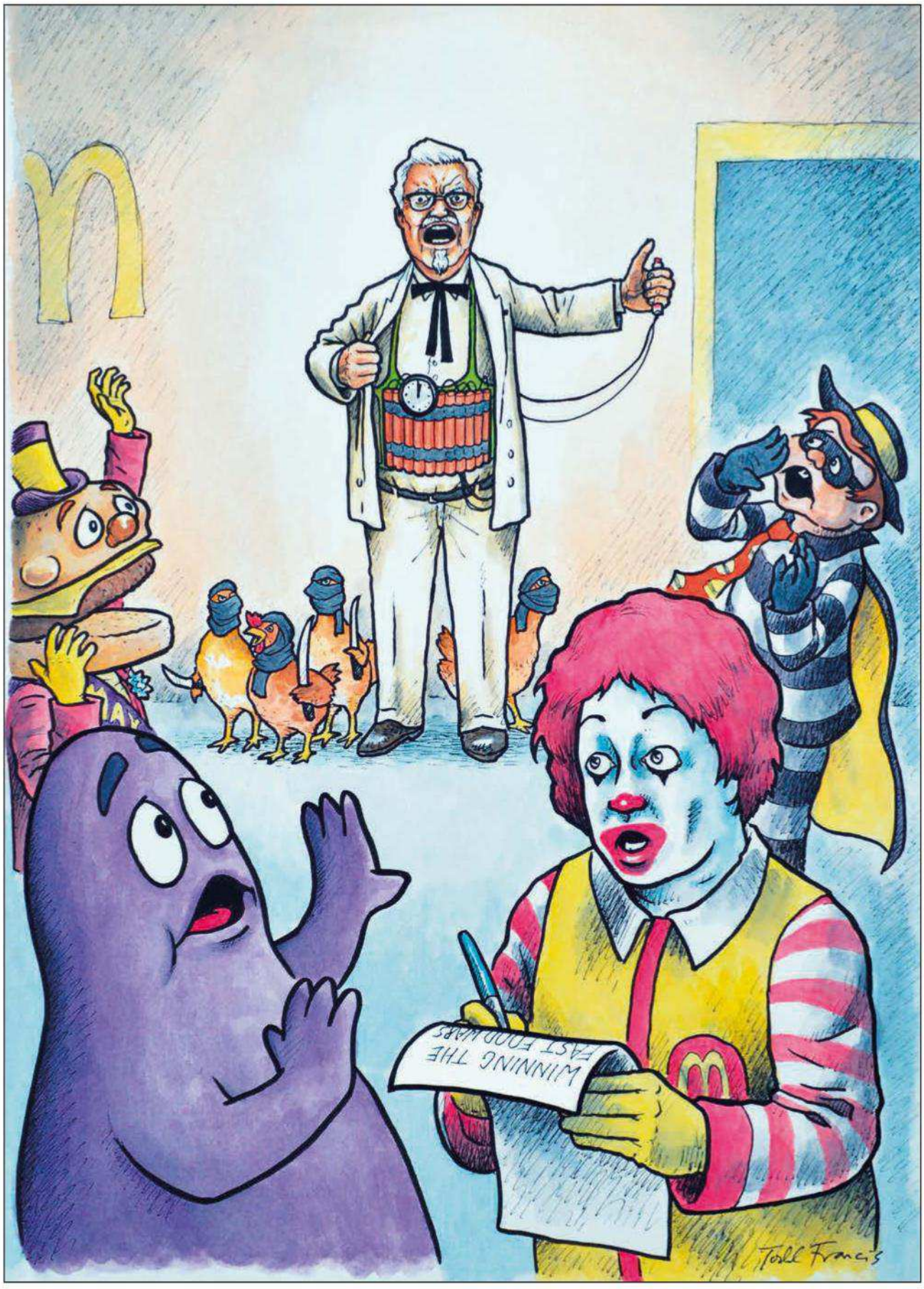
"I think about it a lot," he said. "When I do it is always positive. There is an Advanced Facebook group that is one of the most pleasant places on the internet. It's filled with people sharing stuff that they love but are supposed to hate, and that makes me very happy."

Like the book says, "There's so much out there to hate, why would you go out of your way to hate something you love?"

Agreed.

Chris Collingwood is a singer, songwriter, and cofounder of the rock group Fountains of Wayne. His new band, Look Park, released their eponymous debut in 2016. Follow him @lookpark

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / JIM DYSON


WINNING THE
FAST FOOD WARS
Todd Francis

MAN OF THE MOMENT

DAVID LYNCH

WHEN you think of David Lynch, the band Duran Duran should not be the first thing that comes to mind. Or even the twentieth. Yet there he was in 2011, inside L.A.'s Mayan Theater, filming the group live for a concert documentary, and putting a Lynchian stamp on the occasion. "It was quite bizarre," frontman Simon Le Bon remarked to *The Hollywood Reporter.* "He set up [the theater] in a very strange way, with little nooks and crannies all the way around...grottoes with decorations and tables and things."

Weirdness. It's been a Lynch signature from the start. Son of an agricultural research scientist, the 71-year-old director, painter, musician, and transcendental meditation advocate went to the weird place early, kicking things off with *Six Men Getting Sick* (1967), an animated short featuring creepy male figures losing their lunches. No less strange was *Amputee* (1974), a five-minute film where Lynch played a uniformed female nurse cleaning the stumps of a wheelchair-bound woman played by Catherine Coulson (destined for TV immortality as "the Log Lady" on Lynch's early-nineties murder-mystery series *Twin Peaks*–more on that show, revived to great fanfare this summer, in a moment).

It was a short jump from these oddities to his debut feature, *Eraserhead* (1977). Along with body horror and general strangeness, it featured one of the freakiest protagonist hairdos in film history. (Picture a Kid 'n Play-style hi-top fade on a white dude, with some light-socket zapping thrown in.) Following *The Elephant Man* in 1980, about the tragically disfigured Victorian Englishman John Merrick, and a sci-fi misfire, *Dune* (1984), Lynch came into his own with *Blue Velvet*, a twisted, transgressive neo-noir set in a North Carolina logging town.

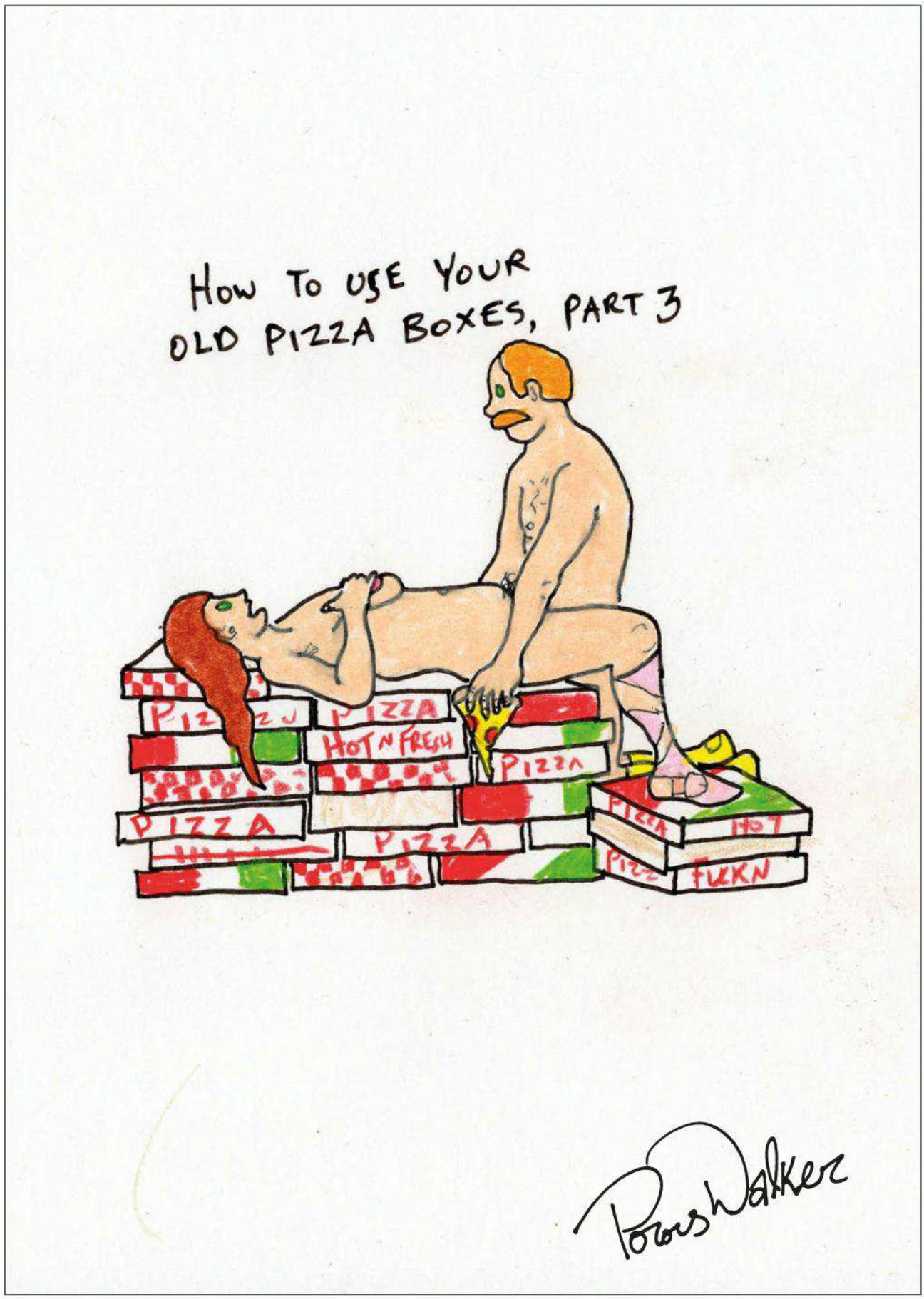
"A dream of strange desires wrapped inside a mystery story," the Montana-born director once remarked of his award-winning 1986 film. In it, he cast Kyle MacLachlan as a fresh-faced college student drawn into a world of violence and sexual darkness, one where he meets nitrous-huffing, kinky-as-fuck sociopath Frank Booth (Dennis Hopper), as shameless a character as has ever shouted expletives on the silver screen.

Booth's creator himself seems without the kinds of fear, shame, and ridicule-aversion that can limit more conventional artists. Take even that Duran Duran concert film, released in 2014. In it, Lynch superimposed dancing Barbie dolls, dead animals, deformed faces, and other images over black-and-white footage of the band. "The most surreal moment for me," reflected singer Le Bon, "is where he intercuts footage of someone barbecuing sausages into the song 'Come Undone.'"

This May, Lynch told an Australian newspaper that his 2006 film *Inland Empire* would remain his last. Season three of *Twin Peaks,* then, represents a rare opportunity to catch new work by a legit American master, a bold, darkly comic, visually brilliant auteur whose mind-bending 2001 film *Mulholland Drive* was recently voted "the greatest film so far this century" in a BBC poll of 177 critics worldwide.

Dark dreams. Small-town secrets. Uncanny happenings. Cups of strong coffee. Lynch serves all of it up in the new *Twin Peaks,* currently blowing minds on Showtime.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / KOJOKU


How To USE YOUR
OLD PIZZA BOXES, PART 3
PIZZA
HOT N FRESH
PIZZA
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Porous Walker

PHOTO: MAGGIE WEST

CRUSH

MAGGIE WEST

PHOTOGRAPHER Maggie West is blowing up. The North Carolina native is a proudly self-taught workaholic whose collections of surreal images make us feel like we're hallucinating through a kaleidoscope.

Using bright, artificial lighting on organic subjects like crystals, flowers, or the human body, West can transform anything to look beautiful. In her 2016 collection, *Fluid*, she went macro, experimenting with shooting microscopic images of blood, spit, and semen. We know…but look at the pictures. We've never seen a more gorgeous come stain.

In high school, West was a full-blown art geek: an avid painter, illustrator, and president of the Art Club. But when it came to college, she studied advertising and mass communications under the guise of a "secure" career. "This was back when people actually believed in college," West laughs. On the side, she worked as a cartoonist, and then got a job at a mall portrait studio.

At the beginning, West was apathetic about her photography job, often sloshing into work hungover to shoot portraits of screaming children. Then a photographer friend told her she had talent, and suggested she get into the wedding world. It paid way better than mall portraits.

West and a friend soon teamed up and worked the bridal circuit all over Asheville. Still, her dream was to become a cartoonist, and photography was just something she happened to be good at that paid her bills. Then, West discovered the work of Nick Knight, Tim Walker, and David LaChapelle. Photography could be complex, wild, artistic, and fabricated? Game changer.

"I hate the expression 'painting with light' because it's so fucking corny, but that is basically what I do," she says. All the photographers she admired were experimenting with complicated lighting techniques, but no one was playing with color. "Even as a novice photographer, I was unimpressed with the way people utilized colored lights. I felt like there was so much more I could do with blending, so that's what I did."

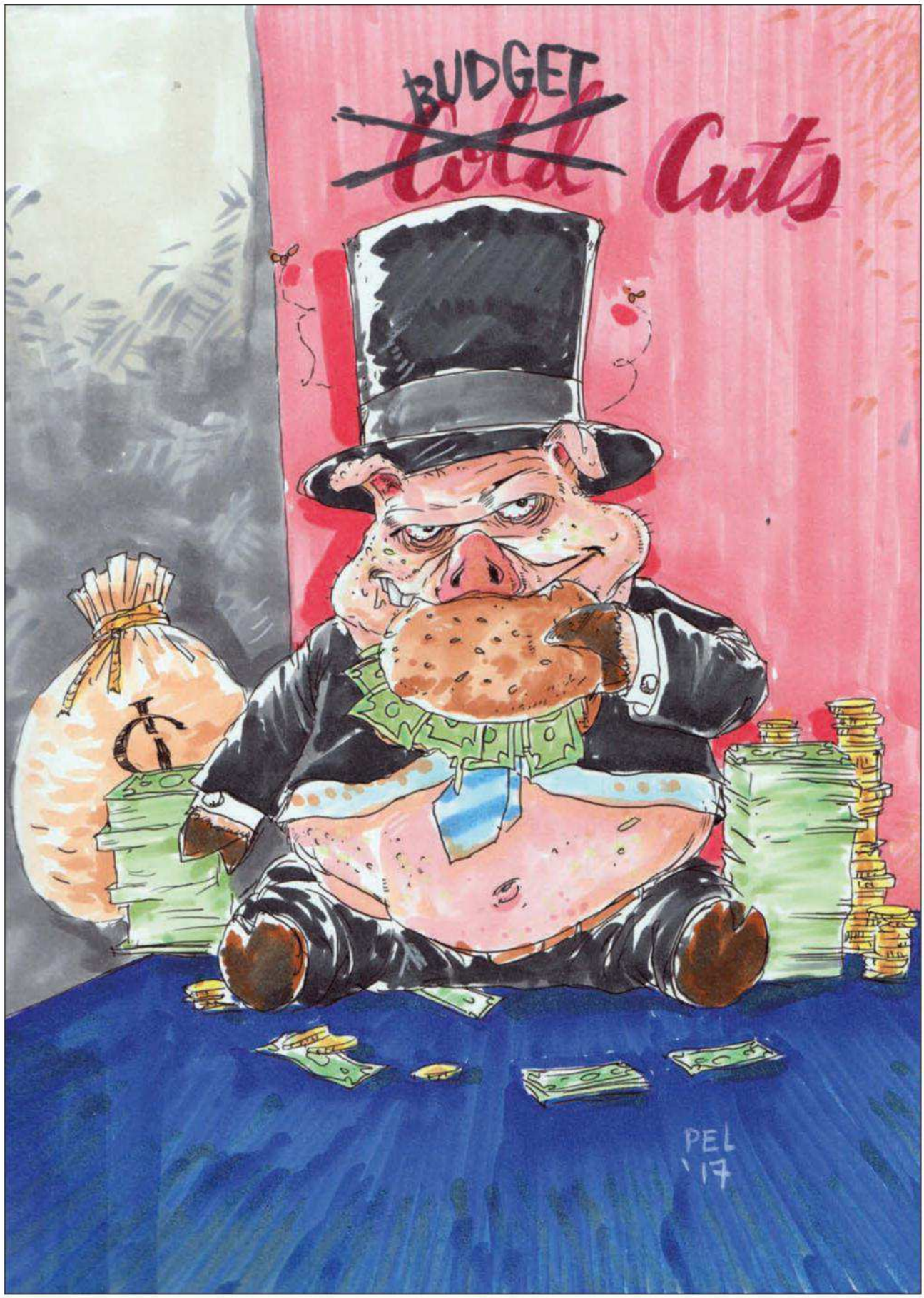
West picked up momentum quickly. She released her first book *KISS* in 2015–a series of portraits that explores sexual intimacy and tangled naked bodies. (Recently, the West Hollywood Arts Council selected an image from that collection for a billboard installation on Sunset Boulevard.) Then came *Fluid,* followed by her most notable collection, a nude-photo book titled *23*.

The art and fashion world went wild over *23,* praising West as a much needed up-and-comer. Post-election, she curated a photography installation of L.A. celebrities and creatives to raise money for Planned Parenthood. Today, she's focused on installation work and exploring new ways to display her photography.

"Part of me just loves working with my hands," she says, noting the quick stint she had working in production design when first transplanting to L.A. "Being able to work my photography into installation work is satisfying. Just as I think colored light is wildly underused, the way innovative photography is displayed in exhibits is two-dimensional and boring."

West says she's recently become obsessed with UFC and MMA fighting. Maybe we'll see Ronda Rousey and Jon "Bones" Jones naked in her next exhibit? But for now, she graced *Penthouse* with an exclusive self-portrait.

maggiewestphotography.com


BUDGET
Cold Cuts
PEL
'17

FILM

ALL HAIL THE PRINCE OF PUKE

JOHN WATERS, MAN OF THE FILTHY PEOPLE

BY SARAH WALKER

Divine and John Waters in New York City, 1975

WHEN the "Shameless" theme of this issue was first announced, it took a few days, but soon the clouds parted and a telltale image appeared—one of a pencil-thin mustache.

But of course! John Waters, filmmaker/writer/artist/performer and self-proclaimed "filth elder," the most shame-free of us all. The 71-year-old Baltimore native who still resides in that city ("where everybody thinks they're normal but they're totally insane," he says) began celebrating freaks, sleaze, and bad taste long before the yupsters co-opted the look in [insert your favorite gentrified neighborhood here].

I first learned about Waters in junior high—a perfect discovery for a perfectly miserable time. It was the early 1980s, so not many people had seen his films, at least in the shitass suburb where I lived. He was still somewhat of an underground provocateur then, but if you had access to a decent video store, you could rent *Pink Flamingos* (1972), *Polyester* (1981), and maybe even *Female Trouble* (1974).

Mind you, the types of kids who watched his movies were the ones who *wanted* to see a singing anus or a lobster raping a drag queen—i.e., my friends (who are all accomplished people doing interesting things now, for the record). Then in 1988, my senior year in high school, *Hairspray* opened at our city's only art-house theater. The film was rated PG (Waters calls it an "accidental family movie"), which meant we could see it without ID.

The Pope of Trash had gone legit.

Let's be honest: John Waters' early films are hilariously terrible, especially to film snobs like me. My own love affair kicked off stupidly early, at the drive-in theater, where I fell head over heels for *Jaws*—Roy Scheider, Martha's Vineyard, 1973 Chevy Blazers, the whole shebang. I was six. Granted, it was the seventies, arguably the best decade for American film, so the bar was high.

Not that Waters' bar wasn't high. The King of Bad Taste was raised in a tony suburb by loving upper-class parents (who loaned him money to make *Pink Flamingos,* though they never saw it). And yet somehow young Johnny gravitated toward the dark and dirty: exploitation films, drugs, delinquents, chicks with dicks. Combine this with his intelligence, drive, and love of Baltimore, and there you have Waters in a nut sac.

But yes, those early movies are rough, and their production value is on par with most middle-school plays. To enjoy them one must simply let go and rejoice in the ridiculousness. Keep in mind he worked on no budget, with his friends, and, as Waters gleefully admits, everyone was either baked or tripping throughout the process. Which makes this man…a genius! I mean, what were the rest of us doing while *we* were on acid? Certainly not *making movies.*

Then there's his greatest gift: Divine, the face that launched a thousand drag personas. Waters' chubby high school friend (then known as Glenn Milstead) found his bliss wearing movie-star dresses, deranged makeup, and hooker wigs (Waters describes Divine's look as part Jayne Mansfield, part Clarabell the Clown). Just to see bystanders' reactions as she struts her stuff down the dirty streets of Baltimore will make any man giggle like a schoolgirl. Sadly, Divine died a week after *Hairspray* was released, marking the end of an era for Waters—but also a new beginning.

Critics liked *Hairspray* (which went on to become a Tony-winning musical, and then a 2007 film musical, with John Travolta in Divine's role), and Waters now had the backing of big studios with deep pockets. Bigger stars signed on—Johnny Depp in *Cry-Baby* (1990), Kathleen Turner in *Serial Mom* (1994), Melanie Griffith in *Cecil B. DeMented* (2000)—though the director never abandoned his love of naughtiness. His trash was high class now!

Waters' films may be few and far between, but he's written seven books, and he does spoken-word performances around the world (including a hilarious Christmas show where he extols the horrors of the holiday). The man is *everywhere*. Which is why when he declined an interview I was a little surprised—at first.

When I emailed Waters' assistant, "JW" responded directly, explaining that he'd just finished two press tours and was working on a new book, so he needed a break. After reading his gracious note (the man seems like such a sweetheart it's ridiculous) I was…relieved. Because, honestly, at this point, what would *anyone* ask him that he hasn't spoken of a million times already?

"My love for you burns hot and bright regardless!" I wrote back. "Glad to have you in this crazy world."

Sarah Walker, a long-suffering employee of Penthouse, was a film writer and Sundance correspondent for Fangoria magazine.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES/ WARING ABBOTT

IMPEACHMENT
COLLUSION
TREASON
I'M THE PRESIDENT!
AND I'M THE KING OF ENGLAND
TRUMP
TOWER
CALL ME JESUS
KING OF AMERICA
PLEASE
Todd Francis

GAMING

NO SHAME TO THE GAME: *MADDEN NFL 18*

EA Sports (Xbox One, PS4)

TOM fucking Brady. He's either the goat or the G.O.A.T. (depending on your point of view or Googling abilities) hollering from the cover of this year's installment of the king of pigskin simulators, easily the most broadcast-ready chapter yet. Players perspire, helmets smudge, muscles flex, and stadiums come to life right down to individual blades of grass and the beard stubble on Brady himself. Living-room lookie-loos will think you're watching the real thing rather than just playing a virtual one thanks to the power of a new game engine.

But more often than not, graphical enhancements (and roster updates) are the selling point of these sequels, which have launched nearly every year since the late eighties. But this installment has steak to go with the sizzle: meaty gameplay tweaks. Defenders attack the snap with new blitz and rushing options. Defensive tackles range from light roughhousing to concussive skull-benders. Offensive play, meanwhile, grants more control than ever over where the ball goes. The new "target passing" fires the pigskin downrange with smart-bomb accuracy. An enhanced running game lets you unleash on-the-fly stiff arms and juke spins into lineman-nuking combos.

And while all these features—and the pumped-up presentation—will charge up the series' hard-core fans, *Madden NFL 18* is still friendly to greenhorns. Players can choose from three new modes tailored to simulation junkies, twitch players, or anyone in between. Fair-weather fans can just drop into a quick-play game based on the weekly stats and standings of the current season. A new story mode adds fantasy to the football, letting you craft the career of a fresh-from-college draft pick over multiple seasons or any online multiplayer mode (which now features three-on-three play). Perform all the right moves and your gridiron avatar might wind up as the Greatest of All Time, cover star of some future *Madden* installment.

GAME CHANGERS: THE MOST NOTORIOUS

> 4 <

THE LAMEST: ELITE STATUS FOR *MADDEN 10*

($5)

Pitched at that Venn-diagram sliver where *Madden* fanatics and impulsive buyers intersect, this downloadable pack—no bargain at half a sawbuck—delivered what came free in previous games: a harder difficulty mode.

> 3 <

THE GREATEST: *UNCHARTED: THE LOST LEGACY EXPANSION* FOR *UNCHARTED 4: A THIEF'S END*

($40)

What started as a quick-hi epilogue for the blockbuster adventure, *Uncharted 4: A Thief's End* evolved into a standalone almost-a-full game centered on a quest for a magical artifact in India. The only downside: *The Lost Legacy* makes a low-key swan song for the *Uncharted* series—the equivalent of the *Star Wars* movies ending with a direct-to-video short.

> 2 <

MOST BANG FOR THE BUCK: TITS FOR *THE SABOTEUR*

(Free)

Included with each new copy of this 2009 World War II thriller was a code called "The Midnight Show," which removed the scant lingerie from the ladies in a French strip club where players could dodge Nazi spy hunters. Anyone who bought the game used, however, had to cough up $5 to see the Parisian ta-tas.

> 1 <

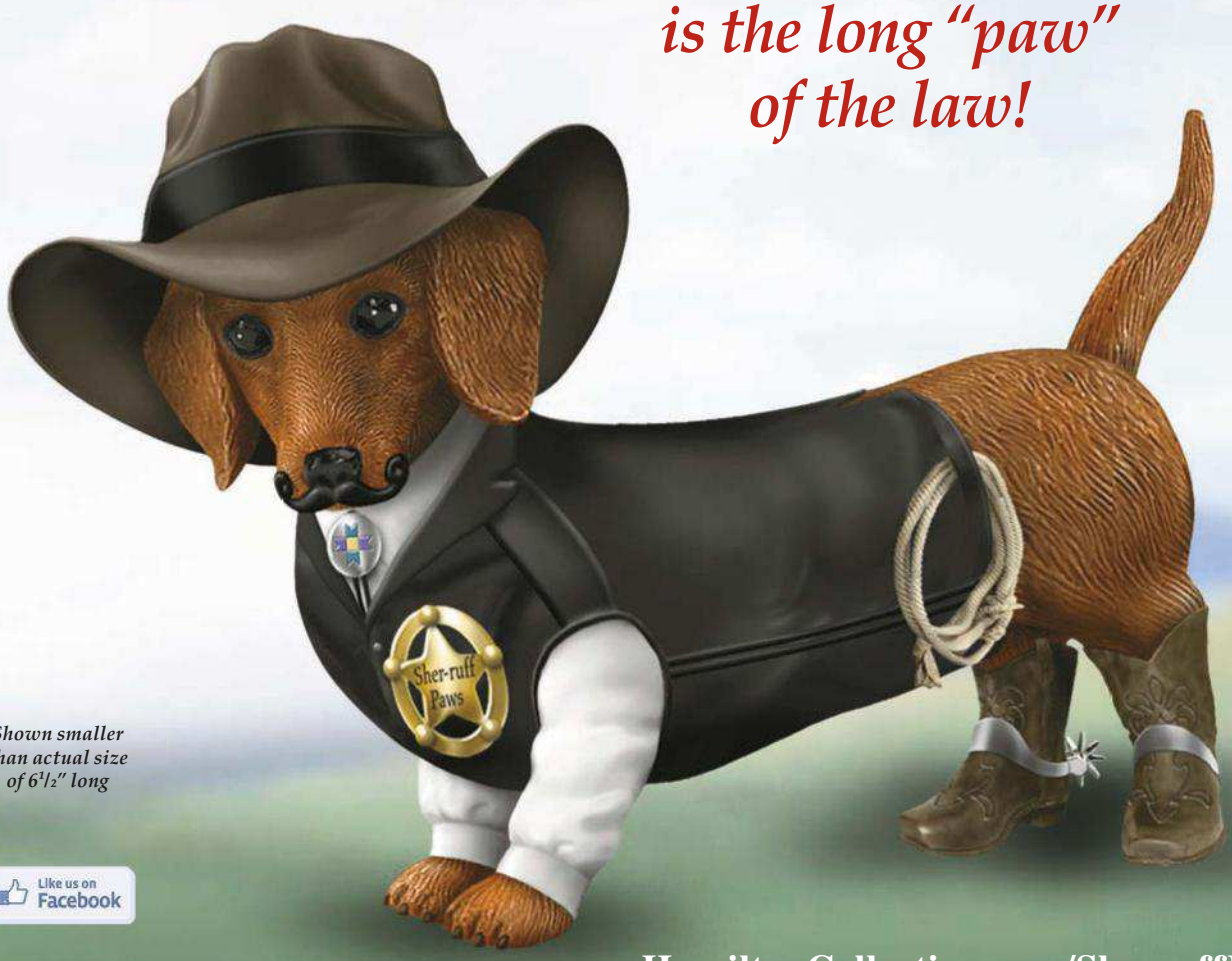
MOST NOTORIOUS: HORSE ARMOR FOR *THE ELDER SCROLLS IV: OBLIVION*

($2.50)

Just like the brand names Xerox, Google, and Kleenex, the term "horse armor" has become synonymous with the product it represents: In this case, a nearly useless downloadable bauble. *Elder Scrolls'* horse armor ignited a backlash against game makers who nickel-and-dimed players for useless bonus content.

Tails of the Old West

Handcrafted Doxie is the long "paw" of the law!



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SWAMP RABBIT

HOW A BIZARRE ENCOUNTER IN A GEORGIA POND CHANGED THE 1980 ELECTION.

ONCE upon a time, in a land not so far away, in a world very different from our own, there lived an honest country man named James Earl Carter. People knew him as Jimmy.

Jimmy was a successful peanut farmer from Plains, Georgia, a Navy veteran trained in nuclear physics, and a Sunday school teacher. Most improbably, in 1961, Jimmy ran for his state's senate seat…and won. Then in 1971 he ran for state governor…and won. And in 1976 he ran for President of the United States…and won that, too.

Before Jimmy's surprise presidential victory, it had been a difficult time in America. There was a terrible war in a far away land that sent many of its men home with mental, physical, and mortal wounds. And it had been a mere two years since the former president, a man known as Tricky Dick, had been driven out of office by scandal.

President Jimmy was a breath of fresh air for the nation: an affable family man, a progressive farmer, and political outsider inside the White House, wearing cardigan sweaters, installing solar panels, advocating honesty, conservation, and equal rights for all.

For many, Jimmy's early days as the people's president were good days. He established the departments of Education and Energy, and in 1979 he brokered an historic agreement between the warring countries of Israel and Egypt, ending decades of conflict.

But then there was an energy crisis, a recession, inflation, long lines at the gas stations, America's "crisis of confidence," and support for young Jimmy started to waver.

Then came the attack.

It was April of 1979, and the president was vacationing at his farm in Plains. Taking some quiet time for himself, Jimmy walked down to a pond on his 360-acre property, and paddled a canoe out to catch some fish.

Sitting alone in the boat with his fishing pole, the president heard a noise—an "enraged" and "hissing" animal swimming toward him. Jimmy grabbed his oar and splashed the "tooth-gnashing" creature as it tried to claw its way onboard. Discouraged, the beast turned away, swam to shore, and hopped into the forest.

After the encounter, Jimmy told his press secretary, Jody Powell, about his near-miss with the cottontail, "one of those splay-footed things we called swamp rabbits when I was growing up," Powell wrote in his 1986 autobiography.

Never heard of a swamp rabbit? Us neither. But according to the National Wildlife Federation, swamp rabbits are very real, and "adept swimmers. When a predator gets close it is likely to jump in the water and swim away or dive under roots or overhangs to escape." Anyhoo.

"There was nothing to it," the president said much (much) later. "A rabbit was being chased by hounds…he jumped into the water and swam toward my boat. When he got almost there, I splashed some water with a paddle."

But a few months later, Powell told the story to an Associated Press reporter, inspiring the August 29, 1979, *Washington Post* front-page headline: "President Attacked by Rabbit."

Newspapers everywhere picked up the story, which dominated headlines for over a week. One editorial worried: "How did the Secret Service let the mortal menace, a kind of *Jaws* with Ears, get so close to the only president we have? And what was this thing? A swimming rabbit, we are told, with some kind of grudge, a really mean rabbit, assailing Mr. Carter without provocation."

Cartoons spoofing the incident were everywhere: the rabbit larger-than-life, Jimmy's teeth just as big, his oar poised to do battle with the beast. The *New York Times* even claimed that he'd "beat away" the rabbit. And then there were others who simply didn't believe it—their "honest" president was making it up.

Hoping to quell the tidal wave of jokes, questions, and speculation, Jimmy released a photo that a White House staffer had snapped of the attack, but it made matters worse.

Jimmy looked small and ineffectual. His approval ratings sank. Then came the Iranian hostage crisis, and Jimmy's chance of a second term all but disappeared to an ex-actor named Ronald Reagan, who won the 1980 election by a landslide.

It's all so quaint—what used to pass as "scandal" in American politics. What we want to know now is: Where are those silly swamp rabbits when we need them?

ILLUSTRATION BY ALÉ GARZA

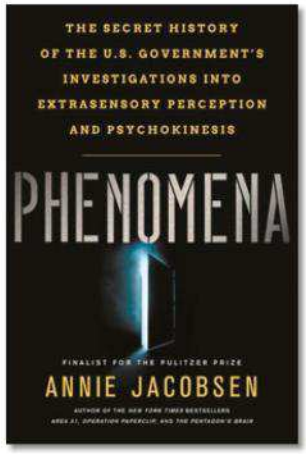
ROUGH TEXT

By Dave Carnie

Phenomena
By Annie Jacobsen
Little, Brown and Company

AS the cover says, this is a book about our government's investigations into ESP and psychokinesis (aka psi). It's akin to *The Men Who Stare At Goats,* but with a more scholarly, yet no less entertaining, approach. All the usual characters in the psychic community are present in this work. Jacobsen, however, does a marvelous job of directing them on her stage. The book reads "like a nonfiction picaresque novel" (*New York Times*) and I found myself enthralled by the bizarre stories recounted here. I applaud Jacobsen's delightfully deadpan delivery because these are the types of stories that just need to be told, not written. No need for an author to go in and fuck it up–just tell the story.

While I found it fascinating, my fellow reviewers generally derided the subject as hogwash. I'm uncomfortable admitting that I enjoyed it because, in their view, I am an idiot for believing in this chicanery. I mean, I am, but in my defense I should mention that my tastes may have been influenced by another book I was reading at the time, *On Certainty,* by Ludwig Wittgenstein. *On Certainty* is essentially an addendum to G. E. Moore's famous quote, "Here is one hand, and here is another." The whole book is devoted to the subject of what it means to be certain about anything, including the hands at the end of your arms. Fascinating stuff. For example, in entry 478, Wittgenstein writes, "Does a child believe that milk exists? Or does it know that milk exists? Does a cat know that a mouse exists?"


THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT'S INVESTIGATIONS INTO EXTRASENSORY PERCEPTION AND PSYCHOKINESIS
PHENOMENA
FINALIST FOR THE PULITZER PRIZE
ANNIE JACOBSEN

Uh....

So in the midst of reading a book about whether hands, milk, or mice exist, I opened a book that presented juicy, declassified government documents about wacky experiments conducted to determine whether one could disable a Soviet nuclear missile with the power of the mind. In short, I was vulnerable to razzle-dazzle.

(The feline mind, incidentally, is a subject in *Phenomena* as well. In the 1940s, the Defense Department conducted a series of experiments designed to learn whether man could telepathically communicate with animals. "Two dishes of food were set down, the goal being an attempt to mentally direct a cat to a specific dish." Again, that's the U.S. Defense Department conducting that experiment.)

To say I'm a believer in psi isn't quite accurate, because it doesn't matter what I believe: ESP either exists or it doesn't. The data collected on the subject is sketchy at best, but it is promising. I think my position is similar to that of the zoologist who, in regard to Uri Geller's spoon-bending skills, had this to say:

"Because I cannot explain how he bends the metal," the zoologist said, "[this] does not mean that I accept any supernatural or psychic explanation for the ability.... If I cannot explain a phenomenon I keep an open mind, but this does not mean that I resort to a paranormal explanation. It simply means that I have not yet found a satisfactory scientific explanation."

Yet there is evidence that psychic phenomena is real. You've surely experienced it yourself at some point in your life. The military not only experienced it, but documented it. Yet over and over again, government agencies would launch a research program, dump a bunch of money into it, and then cancel the program a few years later.

"For seven decades," Jacobsen writes, "the CIA and the Department of Defense have been actively conducting research on anomalous mental phenomena. 'A large body of reliable experimental evidence points to the inescapable conclusion that extrasensory perception does exist as a real phenomenon,' the CIA concluded in 1975, 'albeit characterized by rarity and lack of reliability.'"

The psi programs were frequently canceled because of a strong cultural bias against witchcraft and the occult. As you can imagine, the U.S. military isn't down with your third-eye, Wicca bullshit. So it was fascinating how proponents of psi rebranded the subject of their research to distance themselves from any notion that they were studying "spooky behavior." They took a page from the Soviets who had placed the study of paranormal phenomena under the umbrella of science by simply changing the names of everything. In Leningrad, at the "Special Laboratory for Biocommunications Phenomena," mental telepathy, for instance, was known as "long-distance biological signal transmission." Not very catchy, but it veiled the mystical nature of their devilish work.

The declassified documents Jacobsen reviews here display a comical collision between science and the supernatural in the clumsy early days, but the research continues to this day. Because while it seems impossible that ESP and psychokinesis exist, can you be certain they don't?

"Every conceivable kind of attempt has been made to explain away these results," Carl Jung said, "which seem to border on the miraculous and frankly impossible. But all such attempts come to grief on the facts, and the facts refuse so far to be argued out of existence."

Dave Carnie is a sultry, sexy redhead who loves horseback riding.

CLEARWEATHER

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ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

BY CHRIS NIERATKO

1 / Tranny Terri Love Doll $300

If you drink the greatest glass of wine you've ever tasted only to be told it was piss, does that diminish how much you enjoyed it? If the great love of your life goes on to be a serial killer after you break up, do the feelings you had for this person change? I'm of the opinion that if something is THE BEST then it's THE BEST, and that's that. Nothing should be able to taint those emotions. But not everyone feels the same.

Many moons ago, I was in Rio de Janeiro, where the local economy depends almost entirely on the exploitation of its most abundant natural resource: young, gorgeous women. In the time I spent down there, I was approached by the sexiest, most exotic girls, everywhere from liquor stores to pharmacies to bakeries to the beaches of Ipanema, all trying to offer me their body for the low discount price of $100 for four hours—as if I know what to do with a woman for four hours. I tried negotiating $6.25 for 15 minutes, but they weren't really interested.

One nightclub called Help was actually a meat rack of whores (I learned this shortly after having my nuts fondled by several girls in the first minutes of being there). I said to my local tour guide, "Man, these are some friendly girls. They really like Americans." "They're all whores, dipshit," was his response. And they didn't take kindly to non-paying customers. I was cursed and spit at and even called a faggot for refusing to fuck any of them. I tried to explain that I was already drunk and staying drunk was far more important to me than getting laid, but I think something was lost in the translation.

After I was thrown out of the club, the tour guide and I drove along the beach. I saw a tall, slender girl with her shirt off, flailing her large, fake tits in all directions, trying to flag someone down to take her home. In some strange fit of horniness, I asked my driver to let me out of the car. The drunk side of my brain was in control—$100 for four hours of unbridled, unsafe sex seemed like a good deal at the time.

As the car came to a halt and the seabirds squawked high in the night sky, I asked my man if it was common for street hookers to stand on the corners topless. "No," he said. "Only the men do it. Get close enough and you'll realize there are only trannies working the streets. That's why everyone goes to the clubs." Ah. I opted to call it a night.

A few hours later, the fellow I was sharing my hotel room with walked in grinning from ear to ear. He told me he'd paid a topless street hooker to give him a blowjob on the beach and it was, without a doubt, THE BEST blowjob he'd ever had. I said, "That's wonderful," and I congratulated him. I had trouble sleeping that night because of how his smile kept the room illuminated.

The next morning, our tour guide bluntly told my roommate he'd gotten his dick sucked by a transsexual. He went green in the gills, vomited, threw his beer down, and stormed off. I stopped him and

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / VOLODYMYR TVERDOKHLIB; PRODUCT PHOTOS COURTESY OF XR BRANDS

asked, "Did you not say it was THE BEST blowjob of your life?" He stared through me. "You're ashamed of the best blowjob of your life? WHY? Because society frowns upon it? Fuck that! THE BEST IS THE BEST! The best cannot be bad. Under any circumstances."

He shook loose of my hands, hopped in a cab to the airport, and took the next flight stateside, never to be heard from again.

I have to believe a man (or former man) gives a superior blowjob simply because of their inherent understanding of the equipment. Simply put, they know what boys like. This Tranny Terri Love Doll has no mouth, so I can't vouch for its blowjob skills, but my wife had a good ol' time smacking its tits around and riding the dong while I sodomized it. I'm not going to say it's THE BEST (because I prefer human buttholes over synthetic ones), but I have no regrets about our threesome. I'm actually quite excited to see her again….
Rating: 11 **extremerestraints.com**

2 / Jizz Cum-Scented Lube/Pussy Juice Vagina-Scented Lube $18/$14

My wife often gets frustrated that I refuse to wash my face after enjoying a box lunch at the Y. Her concern is that everyone will be able to smell her pussy on my mustache. "We've been together 16 years," I tell her repeatedly. "By this point you must know I don't care about anyone but myself. And I love smelling you all day long. I even do this to be able to get a better whiff," and with that I push hard on the tip of my nose, smooshing my nostrils open, sending her intoxicants straight to my olfactory bulb.

I love the smell of pussy so much that I began using this Pussy Juice as aftershave. But that wasn't good enough for me. I spent the entire summer using it to lube up my body for the beach, like Cosmo Kramer with butter. At last count, I've burned through 36 of these 8.5-ounce bottles (they really should make it in 55-gallon drums). I have yet to test it in a sexual scenario, but if the way my beer continuously slides out of my hand is any indication of how good it works, this may very well be the champagne of bottled lubes. (Full disclosure: I don't have the same feelings about Jizz. My wife, on the other hand, was so convinced by the smell that she drank the entire bottle in one swig. Now I'm concerned that perhaps I'm not fulfilling her needs after having a vasectomy.)
Rating: 10 **extremerestraints.com**

3 / Navigator G-Spot Dildo with Harness $65 to $140

I'm almost positive Mike Pence secretly disputes the old frat-boy proverb, "One finger isn't gay." In Mike's mind, I'm sure he can justify the entire fist (not that there's anything wrong with that). I'm guessing the Navigator G-Spot Dildo might be a bit small for Miguel's liking, but it's just right for me…to wear to the gym under my spandex shorts to make people think I have two penises.

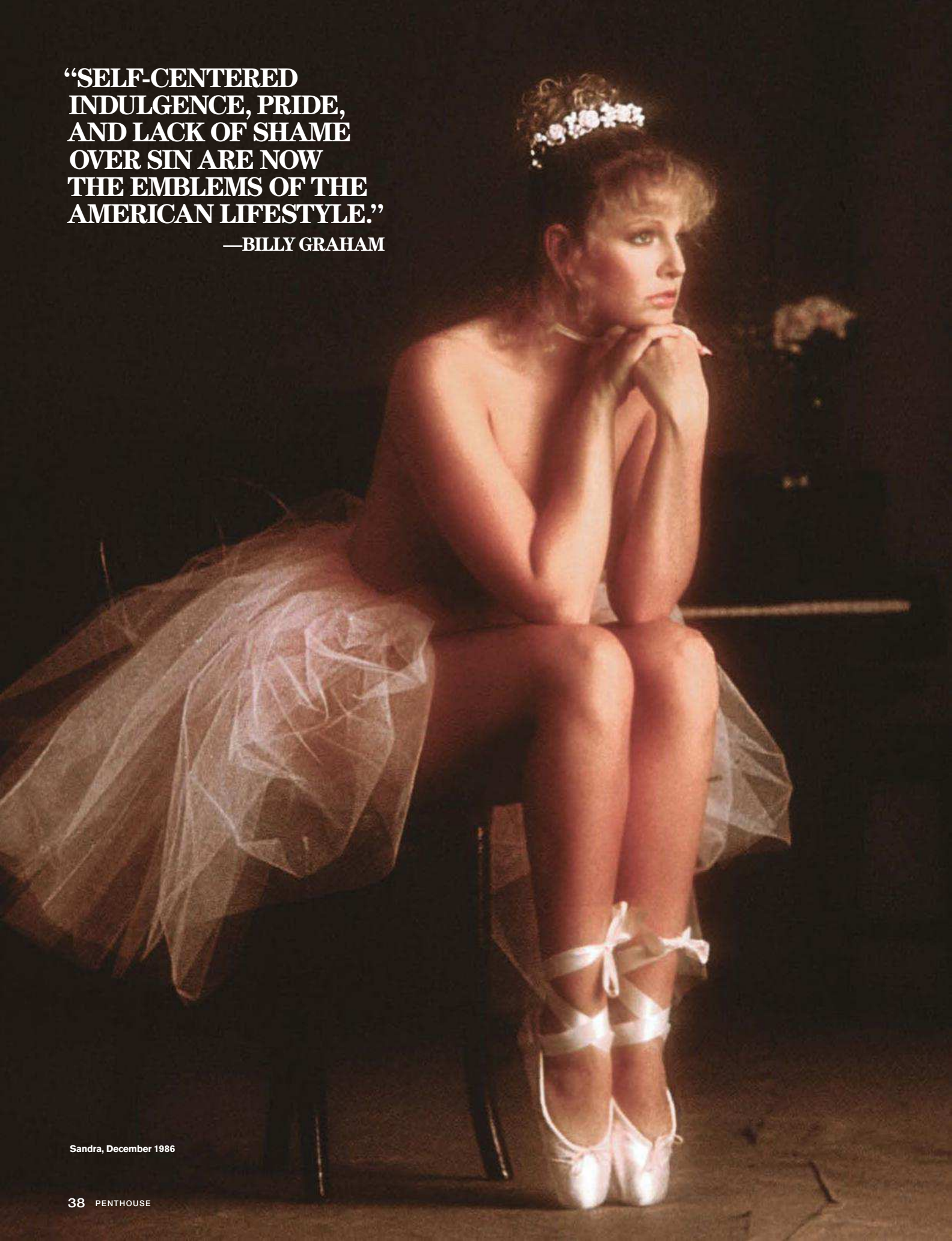
"My friend," however, said the Navigator feels absolutely amazing being rammed up ass as his wife spits jizz-scented lube-spit in his face and calls him a pussy. (I'll be honest, I'm pretty proud of how secure "my friend" is in his sexuality that he was able to share that with me.)
Rating: 8 **healthyandactive.com**

Chris Nieratko is the author of VICE media's Skinema, the only porn-review book in history that fails to review any videos.

Bob Guccione and our 1988 Pet of the Year, Paige Summers

REHASHTAGS

You might think it's a little shameless to pluck images from our past to fill space in a current issue, but isn't being brazen a good thing in the world of *Penthouse*? Even so, for the sake of this pictorial, let's pretend we aren't too lazy to create new content and chalk it up to us demonstrating the importance of recycling. Yeah, that's it. We're not doing it for us, we're doing this for our children (like Wu-Tang). Plus, we miss the days when prima ballerinas and rich brides would lie back, spread their gams, and flash a lil' pussy wink. Remember when pussies could wink? That shit was magical.



"SELF-CENTERED INDULGENCE, PRIDE, AND LACK OF SHAME OVER SIN ARE NOW THE EMBLEMS OF THE AMERICAN LIFESTYLE."

—BILLY GRAHAM

Sandra, December 1986

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Charlotte, July 2003

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—DICK GREGORY

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Jerri Lee, January 1977

"YOU WILL BECOME WAY LESS CONCERNED WITH WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK OF YOU WHEN YOU REALIZE HOW SELDOM THEY DO."

—DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

BIG BOWL OF STUPID

SOME PEOPLE DESERVE TO BE CAUGHT.

BY MISH BARBER-WAY

I'VE smuggled drugs twice. I'm not proud of it. The first time was by accident (see our April issue), but the second was totally on purpose. I was being stupid, ballsy, but most of all I was broke, so I put my stash inside a condom, cut off the string of a loose tampon that was floating around in my purse, tied the string to the drug-filled condom, and shoved it up my pussy.

The driver of the car I was in was pissed. He screamed at me like Judge Judy as we pulled up to the U.S. Customs and Border inspection. This infamous checkpoint sits near the tiny town of Sierra Blanca, about 90 miles southeast of El Paso, Texas. Unless you'd driven through it before, you would have no idea it was even there. That's how they get you. Here, the agents are looking for two things: illegal immigrants and drugs. I had a vagina full of the latter.

Federal officers armed with German shepherds and M4 carbines circled our vehicle like sharks. They scanned our passports, eyeing us up and down. I sat in the back while our driver did all the talking. He fumbled for his passport. After a few quick questions, they gave us back our documents and wished us a pleasant drive. We blazed on through to freedom. I waited until we'd driven so far that the border guards appeared bite-size before I pulled out the condom.

What would I have done had I been caught? I would have been arrested like the other harmless, low-dose smugglers and probably died of embarrassment in my holding cell. But I wasn't caught. I got lucky. Unfortunately for these other idiots, they didn't have a horseshoe up their ass like I did.

THE SNAPCHAT DOPE DEALER

While most college students use their Snapchat accounts to morph their faces into bunnies, Jahmir Z. Mapp was using his to peddle drugs to his classmates. The 18-year-old attended East Stroudsburg University in eastern Pennsylvania, and was the school's main supplier of pot, cocaine, and Xanax—all the necessary supplies required to complete your degree.

Apparently, the school had noticed a spike in marijuana and drug activity on campus, and asked for help from the big boys. Soon, the Monroe County Drug Task Force and East Stroudsburg University Police got involved.

After trolling around campus, the authorities soon figured out that Mapp was their man. When the cops obtained a warrant, they searched his dorm room and found two dime bags and other packages of weed, all wrapped in a washcloth and dryer sheets and stashed under the bed. Everything was marked for sale.

Once Mapp was in custody, police scrolled through his phone and confirmed he was selling more than just pot. He admitted to the blow and Xanax, and that he sold about a dozen one-gram dime bags per day.

Isn't social media supposed to elevate your image, not land you on probation? Poor Mapp. He was just getting started.

LISETTE LEE

Everyone knows people in Los Angeles are full of shit. And if most of L.A. is just slightly bending reality, then Lisette Lee has pretzeled lies to sustain her life.

This twenty-something Korean-American self-proclaimed "socialite" spouted nothing but bullshit: She told people she was the heiress to the Samsung fortune, a pop star in Korea, she'd modeled for *Vogue* (only in Europe, of course), and had dated Leonardo DiCaprio and Channing Tatum. She let it be known she was rich as fuck. She said her parents were elusive billionaires who left her with a Mercedes, a penthouse apartment, and endless cash. Lee also told anyone who'd listen that she grew up in the one-percent club of Beverly Hills, where she attended private school with the likes of Paris Hilton and, as Lee said, "that fat Armenian" Kim Kardashian.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / THE WASHINGTON POST

Of course it was all complete crap. Lee's entire existence was fake. None of this garbage talk made her famous. She got her star moment when she was busted for trafficking weed in June of 2010.

After befriending, and beginning to sleep with, an aspiring young drug dealer named David Garrett, Lee became intrigued by the money Garrett knew he could make trafficking cannabis from California to Ohio. Problem was, he had no way to get the pot there. Lee had a solution: hire a charter jet.

For months, Lee and six coconspirators hauled almost 7,000 pounds of pot from the Van Nuys Airport to Columbus, Ohio. The plane reeked of weed, and, again, like all novice drug dealers, they quelled the problem with dryer sheets and Febreze. Everything went according to plan until Lee's own lies cost her the operation. She got sloppy and accidentally told the same Van Nuys Airport employee three different times that she was moving to Columbus.

On the sixth trip, the DEA was waiting when Lee's plane landed in Columbus. Apparently, it was quite the scene with Lee protesting in handcuffs, "But what will I wear in jail?" The cops seized 500 pounds of shrink-wrapped weed, as well as the contents of Lee's designer purse: a scribbled drug ledger tallying up $300,000 worth of goods, three cellphones, $6,500 in cash, and a little bag of cocaine (for good measure).

Lee was sent to prison (which she lovingly referred to as "a low-end boarding school") and swore that her comeback would be bigger and badder than ever. "I am utilizing this 'vacation' at the government resort as a learning experience and polishing up my tennis and yoga," she told *Rolling Stone*. "I'm truly loving it."

Clearly, she learned her lesson.

THE MOROCCANS WHO UNLOADED ONTO A SPANISH BEACH

Back in June of 2015, a bunch of Moroccan men took the phrase "hiding in plain sight" to the next level when they unloaded 3,306 pounds of cannabis resin onto a densely populated Spanish beach.

At around 6 P.M. on a Friday, a mysterious black boat pulled up to the shore of El Burgo in La Linea, which is at the southern tip of Gibraltar, only nine miles across from Morocco. This makes Gibraltar a drug hub for cannabis coming from Morocco, as well as cocaine, which is trafficked all the way from South Africa.

As the men, some in wet suits, unloaded suitcase after suitcase onto the sand, tourists working on their goldens perked up and gaped. One guy whipped out his smartphone and started filming.

Okay, so maybe these guys got away with it–for now. But it was such a bold, cool move, kind of like the way Ricky from *Trailer Park Boys* would just walk into a hardware store, pick up what he wanted to steal (usually something massive like a shed, or lawn furniture), and, if questioned, he'd make up some story about being part of a maintenance crew or an off-duty mall cop.

When someone does something so unusual right out in the open, people assume it must be protocol. Why else would such insanity be tolerated?

Mish Barber-Way is the smartest dumb blonde ever. She also fronts the band White Lung, loves bacon, and TYPING IN ALL CAPS.

IS "STEALTHING" A FORM OF RAPE?

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

THE *New York Post* recently ran the following headline: "'Stealthing' is the newest dangerous sex trend." I had no idea what stealthing was until I read the article, and I became enraged at what some predatory men are willing to do. These men agree to wear a condom during sex but then surreptitiously slip it off before ejaculating. By engaging in this "stealthful" misconduct, they expose their female sex partners to the risk of unwanted pregnancy, and their male and female partners to the risk of STDs. Many of these deceived partners would never have consented to have unprotected sex, and they did not consent to the man removing his condom.

But before jumping to the conclusion that stealthing constitutes rape, one should consider flipping the genders and posing similar questions. Would it–should it?–be rape for a woman to tell her potential sex partner that she is on the pill or wearing a diaphragm when she is not? The man in that case consented to having sex with a woman who told him she is protected against unwanted pregnancy. He did not consent to having sex that poses a significant risk of unwanted fatherhood. There are of course important differences. The risk of unwanted pregnancy by the man is similar to that of the woman in the stealthing situation, but there is not the added risk of STDs. Moreover, women carry a heavier and more immediate burden from an unwanted pregnancy. Finally, birth control is more difficult and sometimes medically challenging for women than for men. That said, the man who is deceived by the woman has the right not to father a child by deceit, even if he is never told of the resulting pregnancy.

While stealthing may be a new phenomenon, there is nothing new about predatory men tricking women into having sex. Many years ago, I was having drinks with a group of friends at a restaurant in Cambridge when a friend of one of my friends joined us. He was wearing a lapel pin with a circular arrow broken by a line. I asked him what it was and he told me it was a pin signifying that the wearer had undergone a vasectomy. I asked him why he would wear such a pin, and he said that it helped him persuade women to have sex with him. He was in his early thirties, so I asked him why he'd had a vasectomy. His response was, "I didn't get a vasectomy. I just got the pin." He then asked us all whether we would like pins because he knew where to get them. Everyone laughed and one guy said, "Sure, I could use one." I stood up, pointed to the guy wearing the pin, and announced in a loud voice what he was doing. Mortified, he slunk out of the restaurant. Some of my friends were angry at me for embarrassing him, but others were appreciative. A number of women thanked me.

The issue of sex by fraud goes beyond stealthing and deceptive label pins. Both men and women, but especially men, often make fraudulent overtures in an effort to secure consent to sex. They overstate their financial situations, inflate their job description, make promises they do not intend to keep, claim to be single when they're married, deny having an STD. In many of these cases, the deception is the "but for" cause of the consent–the partner would never have consented to the sex but for the deliberate lie.

THE ISSUE OF SEX BY FRAUD GOES BEYOND STEALTHING AND DECEPTIVE LABEL PINS. BOTH MEN AND WOMEN, BUT ESPECIALLY MEN, OFTEN MAKE FRAUDULENT OVERTURES IN AN EFFORT TO SECURE CONSENT TO SEX.

It is the function of the law to draw lines–sometimes imperfectly–between what is criminal and what is merely unethical. Stealthing should fall within the criminal line, though perhaps not under the existing law of rape. Willfully lying about an STD should also be a crime. Puffing about jobs and lying about marital or relationship status should probably fall on the merely unethical side.

Bottom line: The law must keep up with new tactics for obtaining sex without full and informed consent.

Alan M. Dershowitz is professor emeritus at Harvard Law School and author of 35 books, more than a thousand articles, and numerous blogs. He continues to defend freedom of speech and the rights of criminal defendants. Follow him @AlanDersh

PHOTO: SHUTERSTOCK.COM / VGSTOCKSTUDIO

CHARMED AND DANGEROUS

Our September Pet of the Month, Molly Stewart, is a true exhibitionist (woo-hoo!). The girl just loves being watched, whether it's in the bedroom, riding her motorcycle, or bossing around some maids while getting lit by the pool. We had Molly play "Rich Bitch" for the day and she…well…made Mariah Carey look like a well-trained puppy.

Photography: Tammy Sands

"MY BIGGEST TURN-ON IS BEING WATCHED."

"I DON'T BACK DOWN, AND I SPEAK MY MIND.
I'M ALWAYS UP FOR A CHALLENGE."

“I HAVE A SHORT FUSE BUT, HEY, EVERYONE WANTS A FIRECRACKER IN BED.”

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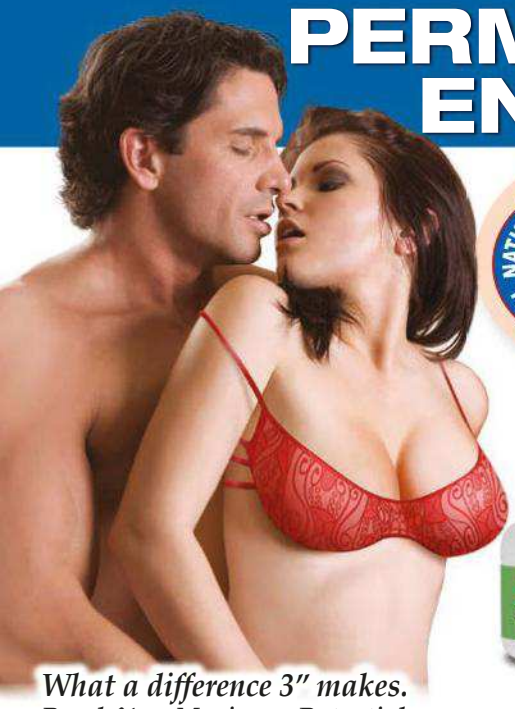

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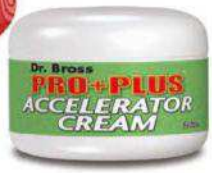

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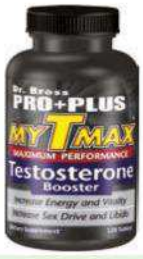

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Vital Stats:

32-27-37

25 years old

6'

Hometown: Holland, Michigan

You rode your motorcycle from Michigan to Los Angeles when you moved out here to California?

Yeah. Back then, I had a Honda Shadow 650. It was my first cruiser. But now I've graduated to something faster. I ride a Triumph Daytona 675R. I grew up in a family of bikers. I'm very tall, so I can ride bikes most women can't.

Super tall! It's hot.

I'm the shortest member of the family. My brother is 6'11".

Damn. Were you able to find a shitty-motel bed that fit you on your cross-country motorcycle trip?

We were broke, so we couldn't afford one every night. One night, we pulled into Nebraska and every motel was booked. The only place we thought it was safe to sleep was a graveyard.

Naturally.

We all got into our sleeping bags–I was next to my friend. We started making out. I don't know why the setting was so arousing, but it worked. We weren't fucking on a grave or anything, just on the grass that was nearby.

What's the weirdest job you ever had?

I worked at a deli slicing meat and butchering chickens. I had to cut off their heads, pull out their giblets, all that stuff.

Did you have prior chicken-chopping experience?

No, they kind of just left me to figure it out and handed me some scissors.

Speaking of raw chicken, what's your ultimate fantasy?

I love the idea of being in bed with someone while another man watches, then telling him if and when he can join in. I love the thought of arousing someone, but they don't get to act on their urges unless I allow it. Maybe it's a control thing, or maybe I'm just an attention whore. Who knows?

What's one thing you won't do in bed?

Rim jobs! A guy tried it on me once. We were in doggie-style, then he pulled out and started massaging my butt. That felt great, but then he starts to slobber all over me. It felt like what I imagine if a dog was going to town on me. It was not a turn-on at all. I can't even think about rim jobs. He ruined them.

Bummer. (Get it?)

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THE MISADVENTURES OF A ROGUE FBI AGENT

DECLARED A CRIMINAL BY THE COUNTRY HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO, ROBERT LUSTYIK TAKES US INSIDE THE WORLD OF SPY HUNTERS, INTELLIGENCE PLOTS, AND FBI CORRUPTION.

BY SETH FERRANTI

FOR most of his life, Robert Lustyik was a guy who tried to do the right thing. Born in a Hudson River town north of New York City, he was patriotic, hardworking, focused. A star athlete, he played football in high school and college. And wanting to serve his country, he chose a career in the FBI, fighting the good fight for more than two decades.

In 2006, Lustyik was named Federal Law Enforcement Officer of the Year. Operating in a world most of us know only from Jason Bourne movies and novels with titles like *Six Days of the Condor* and *The Fourth Protocol,* he worked as a spy hunter on CIA-FBI joint operations–intricate counterintelligence efforts involving double agents, honeypots (sex lures), dangles (a spy pretends to change sides), and RIPs (recruitments in place).

And now Lustyik sits in federal prison in Danbury, Connecticut, his new neighbors drug dealers, gangbangers, Mafia members, child molesters, and bank robbers.

Accused of selling his badge to the highest bidder, the government he'd served for so long portrayed him as a man who'd fallen, a man who'd crossed the line into a duplicitous netherworld–an honor-free gray zone of the kind exploited by spies, traffickers, the corrupt and venal. This zone, shadowy, transnational, was one Lustyik had made it his business to understand as a counterintelligence agent. And according to prosecutors at the Department of Justice, this world had sucked him in at last. Lustyik was just months from retirement. But in 2014, he pled guilty to multiple charges in two separate cases. To the feds, it's a simple story: greed won out over allegiance to flag and country.

"People think I'm the worst FBI agent since Robert Hanssen," Lustyik tells *Penthouse,* referencing a former counterintelligence colleague who sold U.S. secrets to the Soviets and later the Russians for more than a million in cash and diamonds. (Hanssen, sentenced to multiple life terms, now sits in a Colorado supermax prison.) But Lustyik rejects the comparison, adding, of his own case: "Not everything is what it seems."

■■■

BORN the year of the Cuban Missile Crisis, 1962, Lustyik came into the world with a cleft palate and other more serious medical issues that had doctors scrambling to save him. In case he didn't live, he was baptized in the hospital, and named after his dad.

He spent his early years on a tree-lined dead-end street in Tarrytown, New York. "It was essentially a dream childhood," Lustyik recalls. "We had at least 15 kids on our block [and] called ourselves the Grove Street Gang." (Ironically, the disgraced agent now rubs elbows with Bloods and Latin Kings on the regular inside the belly of the beast.)

"My mother was captain of the cheerleading team and my dad captain of the football team," Lustyik continues. "They still celebrated their going-steady anniversary up to his death. After marriage, my mom moved just a quarter mile from the house where she grew up."

Lustyik describes an all-American, small-town upbringing in his riverside hamlet. In summers, he got up at dawn and fished until late afternoon at the local lake. He watched *The Brady Bunch, Gilligan's Island*. He bought 45s at the local record store with money made shoveling snow and mowing lawns. His sister took him to his first concert–Pure Prairie League. Sports were a passion from early on–football,

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / NOMAD_SOUL

basketball, baseball, hockey. A movie lover, Lustyik recalls sneaking out of the house in seventh grade to watch movies at the local theater, then getting caught afterward as he tried to sneak back inside.

Things weren't perfect, of course. Whose childhood is? For one thing, Lustyik lived in the shadow of his father, the ex-athlete, Army Ranger drill sergeant, and one of Tarrytown's leading citizens: a longtime village trustee who would also serve as deputy mayor and fire commissioner before his death in 2002. It wasn't always easy having a local legend as a dad. Robert Jr. felt pressure to measure up to his dad's expectations and accomplishments.

Plus, there was his birth defect, the disfiguring cleft palate. Kids teased him for what he couldn't hide. Lustyik says he probably repressed some of the hurt and anger he felt from being teased, and the treatment also gave him a mean streak growing up.

"I've always had a chip on my shoulder from being teased about my cleft palate," reflects the ex-agent. "It was considered a deformity back then. When I was young, I got in a large number of fights in school. By high school this ended, mainly because I was over 200 pounds my freshman year. All I did was work out in my basement and local gyms, a total gym rat."

Despite the teasing, and having a Tarrytown big shot for a dad, Lustyik emerged from boyhood with an optimistic perspective. He was ready for bigger challenges as he entered adulthood. And he makes clear, too, that patriotism fueled his outlook.

"I love America," he states. And back then, a kid coming of age in Tarrytown? Robert Lustyik Jr. was true-blue: "Growing up, I thought we had the greatest country and everything involved in it was infallible to me. Ronald Reagan was my president, and America was amazing. We even beat the Soviets in hockey my senior year in high school. I ate Wheaties and dreamed of being a hero one day."

■■■

SPORTS was where Lustyik first excelled.

"I played football at Sleepy Hollow High School and made all-state," he remembers. "In a town that shut down and hung signs that read 'Closed for the Game' on Saturdays, I was better than the average football player and went on to be recruited and play college football. I played at a school in Pennsylvania and our senior year I started on an undefeated championship team. Big bowl ring and everything. I was also the leader of a championship lacrosse team, and dreamed of being an NFL quarterback."

After graduating college, Lustyik kept up the gym workouts and even won a bodybuilding contest in 1986. But that pursuit wasn't going to pay the bills. And professional sports wasn't in the cards either. He did have another passion, however, another dream: a career in law enforcement. Specifically, the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

He remembers the day the dream began:

"One Sunday I was watching TV with my dad in our living room. It was Jimmy Stewart in *The FBI Story*. I come from a law-enforcement family. Everyone is a public servant. My uncles were all New York State troopers. My father was once a corrections officer at the same jail I would end up in." When the movie was over, his dad, owner of a landscape architecture business, remarked, "That's what I should've done, been a G-man."

And on that fateful day, Lustyik added "FBI agent" to his brief list of

"IT WAS LIKE PLAYING THREE-DIMENSIONAL CHESS, TRYING TO OUTSMART ANOTHER INTELLIGENCE OFFICER FROM A DIFFERENT COUNTRY."

desired career options (the only other item was NFL quarterback). Lustyik says he kept these dreams to himself, though, as he knew it would only bring a negative response from his dad.

But eventually there came a day when Lustyik, whose younger brother Michael grew up to become a career Tarrytown cop, applied to the venerated Bureau.

"I figured I'd never get in," he recalls. "No Eagle Scout, no great 95 average, no awesome law degree. But when I received a letter saying they wanted me to take the written exam I was thrilled. And I must have aced it. Then came the physical and my first delve into the underworld of government service. I did great on every aspect of the physical, even setting a record on the .357 handgun trigger-pull test."

Up next, a hearing exam. Kids born with cleft palates usually contend with serious ear issues as well, and Lustyik was actually wearing a hearing aid during the exam.

He failed the test miserably. When the proctor came out, Lustyik told him he had a bad cold. When they let him try again, he failed a second time, but the proctor told him he had one more chance. On the third hearing test the proctor sat in the booth and left the door wide-open. Every time he pressed the button Lustyik raised his hand as if he heard the beep. That was Lustyik's first experience with how the FBI really worked.

"He let me see him pressing that button totally on purpose," Lustyik, now 55, recalls. "Years later I saw him in the hallway of the FBI New York office. I was re-introduced to him and he winked at me and gave my ear a playful tug. I never wore the hearing aid again."

Because of his hearing deficiency, Lustyik knew he'd have problems in the Bureau's criminal division. He realized early on that he'd be a liability. "I was afraid to [work criminal cases] because as a newbie, like the first week in the New York office, I went on an arrest and couldn't hear the agent whispering next to me. I was scared I would get someone killed, so I decided to work counterintelligence where we can control our cases better."

Lustyik liked the mental aspect of counterintelligence, the competition, the way you match wits with agents from around the world. Using an acronym for intelligence officer, the former G-man adds: "It was like playing three-dimensional chess, trying to outsmart another IO from a different country."

In the CI, or counterintelligence, game, the order of preference is recruitment, neutralization, and lastly arrest. Unlike criminal work, where the arrest is the highest priority, when someone is arrested in counterintelligence, it's usually a sign of failure in the case. The highest achievement in the intelligence field is a RIP, or recruitment in place. Basically,

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ILKIN ZEFERLI

it's when an agent convinces another country's IO to work for the government that the agent represents.

Arrests lead to reciprocal responses across the board and that's why, in the intel world, it's critical to coordinate with the CIA and fellow agencies to make sure that whatever the outcome of a case, it doesn't have a ripple effect against what other government bodies might be trying to accomplish. Without that coordination, one agent's cat and mouse game could result in a mouse pursued by another agency's officer getting away.

"Was I great at my job?" Lustyik asks aloud. "Maybe, but a lot of it's just putting yourself in the mind-set of the IO and doing your homework on who they are, who they're here with, what type of collection they do, and their training. The Attorney General sets all the rules of engagement, but we used to joke that AG guidelines were just that—guidelines. Like a yellow traffic light. Agents who follow them strictly are the ones who aren't accomplishing anything major. The test of a good agent is how to get around [the guidelines] without getting jammed up. We called it 'working in the gray' and I was pretty good at it, so I thought."

Assets—people who can help agents pull off their counterintelligence work—usually carry some serious baggage. Due to the sensitive nature of working double agents, Lustyik would have a different phone for each asset—up to seven at once. One time he had a double agent who called him from the hospital, screaming that his penis had exploded.

"Since he had no one else to help him, I went to the emergency room," Lustyik recalls, "where, sure enough, the doctor tells me that he has a rupture of his veins in his erection due to too much sex. When we leave the ER, he literally has like a cast on his penis. You can't make this shit up. He was well paid, up to 15 g's cash a month from us, plus he had his [United Nations] job. He lived an expensive lifestyle, which included a Chelsea flat, a place in Toronto, numerous girlfriends and wives, season tickets to the opera, and constant invites to galas. Real tuxedo-type stuff out of a movie."

ONE TIME HE HAD A DOUBLE AGENT WHO CALLED HIM FROM THE HOSPITAL, SCREAMING THAT HIS PENIS HAD EXPLODED.

The cases Lustyik worked involved international travel, dead drops, brush passes, break-ins, microphone placements, microdots, secret writing, dissolvable paper, and pretty much everything else you could find in a Robert Ludlum or Vince Flynn novel. Part of his job involved keeping assets happy, and keeping them in the game.

He tried to get assets out of criminal jams on several occasions. He covered up a rape and helped people obtain numerous government documents—green cards, changes to their immigration status, even U.S. citizenship. With Lustyik in their corner, acting at the behest and direction of the FBI, bureaucratic wheels were greased, government red tape cut, federal doors opened.

■■■

"I RAN this honeypot operation once," says Lustyik, zeroing in on a specific case. "Basically it's when an intel service uses sex or romance as a way of coercing someone into cooperation. I used this very beautiful woman, who was in amazing shape, and had a way about her that made her very attractive to most men. She was used against one of the best known intel services in the business. Even though these IO's are supposed to be their best, she had [this particular intelligence officer] literally eating out of her hand in a matter of two dates."

The whole time Lustyik was running the operation, his supervisor kept asking if the IO and gorgeous woman had had sex yet. It seemed like the guy was less concerned about the success of the mission and more about whether asset and target had fucked. This supervisor, says Lustyik, claimed to be concerned about the legality of the operation, taking a U.S. citizen and paying her to have sex with a spy, but in reality he was in love with this asset. Three years later, he ended up in bed with her, too. A huge no-no, but the op went great.

"She wore a wire, filmed the guy, got us access to the guy's apartment and office, and helped us identify his other undercover spy friends," Lustyik recounts. "She had a blast doing it as well, and made some good money. Which might be considered prostitution, thereby making the FBI pimps. The reason I even bring this up is to show that FBI agents have morality and integrity when it is appeasing to the public; other than that, many of them are freaks. This supervisor actually dated this asset and went as far as spending Thanksgiving at her family's house, much to the chagrin of his wife and kids at home."

Diplomatic immunity annoyed Lustyik. He worked at least a dozen cases where foreign nationals were violating U.S. laws, but he was not allowed to arrest them. At other times he would work a case for an extended period, even years, and then right before he went to do an interview or a pitch, the CIA or NSA would stop it in order to save them from reciprocity or something political. "Needs of the bureau" it was called. On the agent-to-agent level, things could always be worked out, Lustyik explains, but whenever supervisors came into play, it got ugly.

How bad could it get?

"I have witnessed CIA and FBI personnel fist-fighting," the onetime G-man asserts.

■■■

WHEN Lustyik turns to his own federal convictions, he creates a narrative that isn't as straightforward as the story of a decorated FBI agent, poised for an honorable retirement, who throws it all away for the almighty dollar. Maybe it is that simple. That's certainly the government view of the matter, as expressed in court and DOJ press releases. But to the former agent, there are shadings worth considering—gray areas in terms of his actions and those of prosecutors. And as his insider account of FBI counterintelligence makes clear, the division itself operates in a zone that can sometimes be more gray than black and white. There is one thing on which he and federal prosecutors do agree, however: He was a man with an impressive track record of service to his country who fell a long way, quickly.

As Lustyik puts it: "I worked with every imaginable federal agency out there and won 15 Meritorious Unit Citations from the CIA, several awards from the NSA, and even a Medal of Freedom from military intelligence. I had it all. And I blew it, because of a midlife crisis from hell."

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THE first of two schemes that put Robert Lustyik behind bars in Danbury, and which saw him plead guilty in 2014 to federal fraud, conspiracy, and obstruction of justice charges, involved multiple players, millions of dollars, and U.S. military operations in Afghanistan.

The second scheme? Smaller, less lucrative. One involving political rivals–and violently opposed political parties–in Bangladesh, of all places. This curious case had Lustyik back in court three months later pleading guilty to bribery, conspiracy to commit fraud, and theft of government property. He received ten years on the first case, five on the second.

In the Afghanistan-related caper, military contractor Michael Taylor, a former Green Beret, won a $54 million contract to train Afghan commandos in 2007, a deal secured in part thanks to clandestine help from Lieutenant Colonel David Young, at the time in charge of Special Forces in the country. Young stood to gain a ton of money in kickbacks.

When Taylor learned that the feds were sniffing around the contract, he turned to Special Agent Lustyik, according to prosecutors, offering him $200,000 in cash and possible stakes in future foreign contracts (including a $100 million deal to supply the United Arab Emirates with security and surveillance equipment) for help thwarting the probe.

And that's exactly what Lustyik tried to do, the feds announced in 2012. They accused him of fabricating an internal FBI record designating Taylor as a confidential intelligence source, a dossier that included fake interviews. They also said Lustyik contacted investigators and prosecutors to talk them out of indicting Taylor, arguing that the contractor was too valuable a source to take off the counterintelligence playing field.

Wrong, says the imprisoned agent. The feds got it dead wrong. Lustyik maintains that Taylor did indeed supply him with legit intelligence about a perilous part of the world. Moreover, he says that pleading guilty was the idea of an incompetent lawyer.

"Much of my incarceration is based on the idiotic attorney, Ray Mansolillo," says Lustyik. "[Mansolillo] told me to 'fight to the end,' and then in the end, begged me to plead guilty 'because you'll only get 24 months.' I had the worst lawyer ever and he's currently being disbarred. He told me to plead guilty to something I just didn't do. I was told I would get 27 months and I had 16 already in, but my lawyer was 155 months off."

Continues Lustyik: "There is so much wrong with my case. If you Google Senator [Ted] Stevens and his case, you'll see that the same Department of Justice unit that prosecuted him went after me. In his case, the FBI agent who was helping the DOJ finally had enough of the corruption and blew the whistle on the

"I HAD IT ALL. AND I BLEW IT."

THE WORDS of Robert Lustyik.

Federal prosecutors shared other words, gleaned from his emails, which do seem to capture an FBI agent hoping to retire with more money than his pension would provide, a financial reward for the "sacrifices" he made as an agent.

But as Lustyik contends, it's not that black and white. As a counterintelligence agent, he worked in a zone of shadings, where lines are not always bright and straight. He worked in the gray. And he wants you to see gray in his situation, too. *Not everything is what it seems.*

Lustyik remains proud of what he accomplished at the Bureau, doing work that saved lives around the world, and he speaks of the privilege of getting to work beside excellent agents, men and women as dedicated to serving their country as he was for so long.

As Lustyik talks about the agency he called home for nearly a quarter century, one back in the news this year with the May firing of its director, James Comey, he also touches on aspects of the Bureau that are overshadowed, in terms of outsider awareness, by their law-enforcement successes and failures, and by this or that political controversy.

The FBI he got to know so well is deeply concerned with its public image, operating with a whole section dedicated to managing this image, in fact. Nothing leaves FBI headquarters in D.C. or the New York office, says Lustyik, without going through the press office first. The Bureau puts liaison officers at NSA, CIA, and the Office of Inspector General not to assist in investigations, but to protect the "integrity" of the agency as an entity.

"Justice is sometimes put to the side for personal gain," the former G-man says. "Oftentimes supervisors will shut down a case or an operation because they don't like how it may affect their careers. On all levels this occurs. The FBI will cover its ass in order to not get slammed in the press. If the case is never investigated, then it can't be screwed up."

FBI agents are trained to dissemble. And Lustyik says the counterintelligence world can be especially deceitful. It's a regular occurrence for agents to withhold facts, not disclose the whole truth, or outright lie to their higher-ups. In the world of spy-vs-spy, a lot of it is made up on the spot, and rules, regulations, and procedures are thrown out the window. Especially when someone's career, reputation, or life is on the line.

"We will lie to ourselves to justify our lies to others," reflects Lustyik. "A really good CI agent is a borderline sociopath. Every really good FBI agent I know is living a lie or two on the outside world.... I am embarrassed by who I was. I am ashamed at what I see in here in prison, on the other side of the law."

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / AEROGONDO2

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BRANDON BOURDAGES

DOJ for making up evidence to convict the senator."

The Stevens case? A prosecutorial shit show from 2008 where the Alaska senator got hit with a public-corruption charge involving some home remodeling. After the case fell apart, six prosecutors were investigated, two earned suspensions, and a 672-page DOJ *how-the-hell-did-it-happen*? report was duly delivered to Congress in 2012.

One of the prosecutors killed himself. As Lustyik points out, the dead attorney's roommate was Kevin Driscoll, lead prosecutor on Lustyik's case. As Lustyik interprets things, prosecutor Driscoll, pissed about the FBI whistle-blower, got another FBI agent in his sights and went for revenge. Referring to rivalries and tension between FBI and DOJ, Lustyik says flatly, "We do not get along." Though interagency sharing and cooperation has been emphasized since 9/11, FBI-DOJ friction is real, says Lustyik, and relevant here.

"Before I was arrested, I was telling an agency that I had a guy who was a source of mine that they were looking at criminally. I told them that it was a national security matter and that if they came to me I could fill them in on it all. They arrested me instead."

Diving deeper into his case, Lustyik adds:

"My buddies who worked criminal cases always spoke of 'jamming up perps' so they would roll on their higher-ups—'getting people off their charges' for cooperating. This is exactly what the Office of Inspector General [OIG, at DOJ] thought I was doing with Mike Taylor. The U.S. attorneys office came up with the idea that I was opening him as a source to help him get off his charges, when in fact the FBI and U.S. intelligence community as a whole were pumping out Investigative Intelligence Reports, the new golden egg of the Bureau, at an amazing rate...something like 20 in six months of [Taylor's] opening."

Lustyik even claims the CIA's Baghdad office sent him an email congratulating him on sending info that stopped a terrorist assassination plot at the Middle Eastern Summit on March 27-29, 2012, just months before he was arrested. "Which shows it was real," he insists. "All the OIG had to do was call me and we would've sat down in a classified space and discussed it, but nope, they just kept calling me on the phone, trying to entrap me into saying something wrong...which I obviously never did. All because their feelings were hurt because I told Mike Taylor they were a bunch of monkeys and couldn't convict a fly—that coupled with Kevin Driscoll revenging his friend who killed himself for lying in the Senator Stevens case, and here I am."

Lustyik retired from the Bureau in 2012, on the eve of indictment in the Taylor scheme. A year later, he was indicted again, accused of soliciting bribes and selling confidential Bureau documents in the Bangladesh conspiracy. The materials in question, containing information that could be damaging to the buyer's political rival, were a suspicious activity report and an FBI memo concerning "a prominent citizen of Bangladesh." In return for the intel, Lustyik received $1,000, though allegedly with a promise of a $40K retainer and $30K in monthly payments for additional confidential information.

Who was this Bangladesh citizen, a man allegedly endangered by the stolen information, according to then U.S. Attorney General for the Southern District of New York Preet Bharara in a 2014 statement? We learned his identity in May of 2016, when the man himself wrote an op-ed about the strange conspiracy in the *Washington Times.* His name was Sajeeb Wazed. He was the son of Bangladesh prime minister Sheikh Hasina.

Seth Ferranti is a former federal prisoner and emerging true-crime storyteller. His writings on gangsters have been featured on VICE, Don Diva, and Gorilla Convict.

WORLD PEACE

ONE COMEDIAN'S ARGUMENTS AGAINST WHAT WE WERE TAUGHT TO BELIEVE.

BY JOE DEROSA

ALL we are saying is give peace a chance.

In 1969, John Lennon and Yoko Ono formed the Plastic Ono Band, and one of their first orders of business was to release a nonsensical, schmaltz-spewing "protest" song. The word "protest" is in quotes because "Give Peace A Chance" was released during the period where John and Yoko were conducting "bed-ins." That's when two people book a room at a five-star hotel, stay in bed for two weeks straight, and then claim that it's a means to end war. And you thought people that only demonstrated on Twitter were lazy.

The song consists of three chords, some half-assed lyrics, and the repeating of the title ad nauseam. The whole thing is a real lazy affair. Then again, it was written by a guy who didn't feel like getting out of bed. But despite all of its shortcomings, what bothers me most about the tune is its sentiment: Give peace a chance. Well…I believe we have. Several chances, in fact, before and after that ass song poisoned the airwaves. And it's quite apparent that peace has never been able to deliver. It's not peace's fault. Global discord is due to one simple truth: If somebody wants to be violent, they'll figure out a way to be violent.

DECENCY CANNOT BE ADMINISTRATED, FORCED, OR LEGISLATED. THAT'S WHY ATTEMPTS TO DO IT ALWAYS FAIL. EVIL ADAPTS. IT WORKS ITS WAY AROUND THE HURDLES.

Decency cannot be administrated, forced, or legislated. That's why attempts to do it always fail. Evil adapts. It works its way around the hurdles. Look at serial killers. What do they all have in common? Success! They're all really good at what they do. Because if someone wants to be violent, they'll figure out a way to be violent. I'm glad we manage to arrest at least some of the maniacs that commit heinous acts. It's nice to think that once in a while a brutal, tyrannical asshole is brought to justice. However, thinking some be-all, end-all series of laws and agreements stand a chance against injustice is insane.

Worldwide peace has to start on the small scale. And if you haven't recently checked, the small scale is a shit show. Let's start with the basic building blocks of harmony: people. You need harmonious people to have a harmonious society. Now, with that in mind, go watch some Black Friday shopping videos on YouTube. You think a guy willing to head-butt a soccer mom for a PlayStation has any ability to grasp the complex concept of civility? Do people really think it's just dismissible evidence that the last two decades have included extreme public fandom over WorldStarHipHop videos, mixed martial arts events, Affliction T-shirts, and Bumfights? Yet folks still have the nerve to act surprised when a member of Congress body-slams a reporter.

Make no mistake, I'm not holier than thou. I've watched "dude gets knocked-the-fuck-out" videos and laughed my balls off. When I was in Edinburgh, Scotland, I stayed up until 7 A.M. drinking, doing poppers, and screaming myself hoarse to UFC pay-per-view. I love gangster movies. I love gangster rap even more. All that said, I don't own a gun, I don't enjoy conflict, I'm terrified of physical altercation, and I'd really love to live in a utopia where no man or woman so much as stubs a toe. But basic logic allows me to realize that just isn't possible.

By the way, utopias can be extremely problematic. If you don't believe me, just watch the movie *Demolition Man*. In that film, everybody's enjoying a conflict-free reality until a super-criminal played by Wesley Snipes gets thawed out of his cryogenic freeze. He starts going bat-shit—robbing, harming, killing—and everybody, including the cops, are so out of touch with violence that they have zero ability to stop him. Makes you wonder why they froze the psycho in the

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM/ ERMOLAEV ALEXANDER

first place. Why didn't they just kill him? Because they were trying not to be violent. Go figure. Regardless, as human beings we need to be aware of what human beings are capable of. The fact that some of us only mildly indulge our baser instincts via the internet doesn't mean the next guy will do the same. We can dream about the world we ought to be living in, but too many dreamers do it at the expense of understanding the world we're actually living in.

The fine citizens of *Demolition Man*-land didn't answer one question truthfully: How do we stop violence? With violence! You have to attack the attacker! Lying in bed, eating room service, only helps the ax-wielding maniac in his quest to kick the door in to kill you. The only defense is to harm and/or kill him back. Now he's got you doing the exact thing you were trying to prevent. I know. This is a snake eating its tail. Point is, we need a little bit of violence. Problem is, you can't just have a little bit. Violence is like freedom—you have to take the good with the bad. Unless we all agree to be shackled to dentist chairs with our brains plugged into fake-reality-spawning supercomputers, we have to accept that freedom allows for violence and violence is one of the reminders that we're free.

Yeah…I'm getting a headache, too, so I'll wrap this up.

Violence, to a massive extent, has been happening since the beginning of time. From the cavemen clubbing one another on. But we don't have to go back that far into history to realize the astounding amount of conflict that's constantly occurred. You know how many wars the United States has been involved in since the year 1700? Eighty. That's a lot. That's a war for every year my Nana had under her belt when we had to take her car keys away. And that's just us. God knows the level of large-scale combat that's happened across the other 195 countries in the last 300 years. I'm sure it's impressively depressing. Also, don't forget to take into account all that extra, plain-old, everyday, run-of-the-mill violence: assault, rape, murder, genocide, and people biting pieces off of other people. Yet despite all this, members of every generation that comes along think they're going to be the ones to finally stop human brutality. The arrogance of these fucking philistines.

Take away the bombs. Take away the guns. Take away the knives. None of that matters. Sick freaks will figure out a way to use anything as an instrument of death. Remember this: If we keep making trucks and we keep making people, some of the people are going to drive the trucks into the other people. It sucks, I know, but it sucking doesn't mean it won't happen. Violence is like the sun. It's harmful and it's not going anywhere. Stop trying to block it. If you don't wanna die, stay inside. Maybe somebody should write a song about that.

Joe DeRosa is an L.A.-based comedian, writer, director, and actor (Better Call Saul, Louie). His stand-up is available online, along with his podcasts, "We'll See You in Hell" and "Emotional Hangs." Follow him @joederosacomedy

ASK FABER

BY STEVE FABER

WITH this column I'd like to memorialize a phenomenon that has both tickled and tormented me over the course of my life. People ask me a lot of questions. Personal, profound, mundane, surreal. Why? Said without a hint of ego, self-involvement, or self-indulgence: I've led an extraordinarily weird life.

So I'd like to ask you to ask me any question that confounds or plagues you. In order for you to do that, you will need to trust me. Take a leap of faith. I don't judge.

Okay. We've established a relationship. I feel good about this.

You may remain anonymous. Caveat: My answers are my advice and should not be construed as actions you should necessarily take. Lawsuits and all that.

So let's begin.

How can I avoid a bear attack?
–Matthew G., Los Angeles

That's a wonderful question, Matthew, and one with which I've had personal experience.

First, it's important to note that if you're in bear country, as I was, you cannot avoid the bear. Only the attack. The bear has free rein to wander his home turf and you're in his backyard. It's a bit like avoiding the guy barbecuing the food at his backyard BBQ that you've crashed. As you're enjoying his savory ribs, you must leave when he says, "Get the hell out of here!" It's his BBQ.

Similarly, the best way to avoid bear attacks is to stay away from the places bears congregate: forests. That's the bear's BBQ, so to speak. Especially if the bear is hungry. You're his savory ribs.

Of course, bears never send out invitations, as they lack access to greeting cards and stationery, so one never really knows if the bear wants your company. For argument's sake, let's assume the bear has not invited you.

THE BEST WAY TO AVOID BEAR ATTACKS IS TO STAY AWAY FROM THE PLACES BEARS CONGREGATE: FORESTS. THAT'S THE BEAR'S BBQ, SO TO SPEAK. ESPECIALLY IF THE BEAR IS HUNGRY.

My personal experience: One sunny afternoon, I found myself in Yosemite National Park taking a walk. I encountered a brown bear, a large one, at most 80 feet away.

I harkened back to the two formal paths to avoiding a bear attack. I learned these two rules by A) reading the Forest Service Guide to Bear Encounters, and B) attending one, just one, "Campfire With Ranger Rick" event. I snuck out when the singing began.

First, if you are camping, inside a tent, in an area where bears roam, do not leave your food out. Configure a rope-pulley-type device-thing and hang your food off a tree, blah, blah. But screw that. I stayed at the inn. I got room service. The server was not a bear. (My door was chained, so I could peek out and make certain it wasn't a bear in disguise. They are crafty bastards.)

The second formal way to avoid a bear attack? Upon sighting the bear, don't run! I didn't run. Not because bears are faster than tourists, rather because of the bone-freezing, mind-blowing fear. (Mine. Not the bear's.) So I took both the Forest Service's and Ranger Rick's advice. That advice? Find a large boulder, climb it, stand on top, make a lot of noise, and, I kid you not, make yourself big.

Huh? I assumed that advice was not meant in a sexual way, as the arousal factor in a bear encounter is, at best, minimal, and lacking some sort of futuristic make-yourself-big machine, I scratched that idea. So I made a lot of noise. Mainly in the form of screaming like a bitch: "Help! There's a big fucking bear here!" I could have used Ranger Rick at that point, but I believe he must have seen me sneak out of the campfire event. Because Ranger Rick didn't show. That prick.

The noise-making nonsense went on for quite a while. I was exhausted, it was beginning to get cold, then freezing, and the

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / MAT HAYWARD

bear didn't move. Like in a spaghetti western, we stared at each other (the bear was Clint Eastwood, I was the pasta). Clearly, I was playing chicken with a bear. Until I was so wiped out that I laid down on the boulder, figuring either the cold or the bear would eventually get me (and wondering, in all candor, what people would think when they read my obit that said "suicide by bear").

However, to my delight, the bear left. I did not know why…until, back at the inn, warmed up, half a bottle of gin later, I figured it out: boredom. On the bear's part.

So, how to avoid a bear attack? The solution is solely verbal. Bore the bear to tears. Tell the bear about the prom you never went to because you thought you were too cool for prom and ended up in another loser's backyard getting drunk. Slam-dunk your bad poetry. Recite the parts of your diary you remember. Especially those having to do with prom night. Ponder whether your future, current, or ex-spouse and you are, were, or may not be a good fit. Tell the bear why you think your shrink is wrong. About everything.

You get the picture. If all of the above fails, take the riskiest but possibly most effective action: Offend the bear. Tell the bear that bears are pussies and that wolves laugh at bears behind their big fat bear asses. At the precise moment the bear looks down, assessing its own self-worth…jump off the boulder and RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE.

That's how you avoid a bear attack.

Steve Faber is a screenwriter whose credits include Wedding Crashers and We're the Millers. He also created the acclaimed blog "Washingwood," for the Huffington Post.

PROFESSIONAL HELP

BY JENNY NORDBAK

"SCARLETT, your client is here."

I rose from the couch in the dressing room and glanced in the mirror on my way out the door. I didn't have any idea what this client was into, so I didn't know if I was dressed suitably for him in a curve-hugging pencil skirt and blouse. If he wasn't into the naughty headmistress look, I could always run back and change into something from my bag. I just hoped he wasn't looking for a nun, because I had accidentally spilled hot wax all over my nun habit earlier in the shift.

I was so distracted with reassuring myself how the odds of two Catholic fetishes in one shift were low, that I was in front of my client before I looked up to greet him…and realized he hadn't come alone.

The man I presumed to be "Ryan" stood to introduce himself, but the alluring blonde woman he was clearly there with remained seated in one of the lobby chairs. Her eyes swept up my outfit in appraisal.

I was slightly confused, but seeing couples wasn't uncommon, so I tried to cover my hesitation by introducing myself to Ryan. Then I extended my hand to his companion.

"I didn't realize you had booked a couple session, but working with couples is my favorite! Would you both like to join me in the interview room to discuss the session?"

The woman grinned. "Oh no, darlin', he's all yours. My husband wants something so perverse that I'm offended by the very suggestion. He has my blessing to see a professional rather than expect me to do that."

Her Southern twang was so adorable that I was disappointed she wouldn't be joining us.

She pulled her car key from her purse and shooed us in the direction of the interview room.

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"ALRIGHT, mister. Out with it. What deviant act was too much for your lovely wife?"

He chuckled, and as he leaned forward in his chair to answer me, I locked a smile in place so that whatever came out of his mouth, I wouldn't react in a way that offended him.

"I have a fetish for worshipping natural feet. No pedicures. No toenail polish. Just plain old feet the way God made them. The woman I spoke to on the phone said you would be able to accommodate that? "

I let out a quiet sigh of relief.

"You came to the right girl. That's it, though?"

"That's it. Leslie just isn't willing to forgo her regular pedicures for me, and she wouldn't be caught dead with unpainted toenails. We've tried to compromise, but she found this place and said I should give it a shot instead of pestering her about it."

"Let's do it."

I usually enjoy a good foot session. Besides the obvious pleasure to be had from a relaxing foot massage, I got off on the power of having a man at my feet. It was different from the thrill of controlling or punishing someone, but equally powerful.

I sunk into the throne and closed my eyes to better enjoy the sensation of Ryan's skilled thumbs pressing a delicious line up the arch of my foot. I couldn't help sighing with contentment as he worked his way up to my ankles, kneading the sensitive and usually neglected tendons there.

I generally didn't get turned-on during a foot session, but I found my mind wandering back to his wife and was suddenly deeply aroused. I knew from the look in her eyes that she was no prude, and I admired a woman who was confident enough to drive her husband to a dungeon rather than indulge him. I let my imagination drift to picture what it would be like to strip her naked and bend her over the desk in the lobby. I would give her a spanking and delight in listening to her protest like a proper Southern belle, but I knew that when I spread her plump thighs and slid my hand between them, the slick heat I found there would betray just how much she loved being treated like a naughty girl. I would make her beg me to fuck her hard, the way she deserved.

As I imagined pressing the head of my strap-on against her entrance, it was as though Ryan knew exactly what I was thinking because that was the very moment he wrapped his lips around my big toe and pressed it into his mouth. I would never know what it really felt like to fuck a woman, but as I experienced the tight, wet heat of his mouth on that sensitive body part, I groaned with delight imagining I was hammering into his wife. I began to thrust in and out, and Ryan's moan matched my own. Part of me wanted to narrate to him what I was picturing, but since we

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / SANDER NUGIS

I WOULD NEVER KNOW WHAT IT REALLY FELT LIKE TO FUCK A WOMAN, BUT AS I EXPERIENCED THE TIGHT, WET HEAT OF HIS MOUTH ON MY TOES, I GROANED WITH DELIGHT IMAGINING I WAS HAMMERING INTO HIS WIFE.

hadn't discussed fantasies of his wife beforehand, I kept it as my wicked secret for the rest of the session. He must have just thought I was really into having my feet worshipped.

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"EXCUSE me, your wife is here," came the voice of the Desk Mistress over the intercom at the end of our session.

Words that would strike terror into the hearts of most of my clients were simply an indicator to Ryan that his ride was back to pick him up. Their situation was refreshingly unique. While some of my clients were deeply ashamed of their fetishes, and many of them were deceiving their partners, Ryan and Leslie had simply reached an understanding they could both live with, and she was fully supportive of him coming to see me for sessions from that day on.

As we made our way back to the lobby, I didn't try to hide the interest in my eyes as I smiled at Leslie. She returned it with a smirk, as though she knew what had been going through my head while I was with her husband.

"We're stopping at the gourmet burger place down the street for dinner," she drawled. "Would you care to join us?"

Ryan's raised eyebrows made me think she may have been deviating from the plan, but I was on board to see whether the naughty debutante of my fantasies could hold a candle to this firecracker before me.

"I'll be off in half an hour," I said. "I'll meet you there."

Jenny Nordbak is a retired dominatrix and author of The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / EVGENNISH P

THE JOURNALIST AND THE PORNOGRAPHER

BETWEEN ITS OUTINGS, SHAMINGS, AND MISCHARACTERIZATIONS OF THOSE IN THE SEX INDUSTRY, IT'S NOT HARD TO UNDERSTAND WHY THE NETFLIX DOCUMENTARY SERIES *HOT GIRLS WANTED: TURNED ON* IS SO CONTROVERSIAL WITHIN THE WORLD OF PORN.

BY DREW MILLARD

"NOBODY who asks about their fantasy ever wants to hear the truth," wrote veteran porn performer Tyler Knight in his 2016 memoir *Burn My Shadow.*

As Knight reveals in the book, he refrains from telling fans about the realities of the industry he's seen over his decade-long career. Judgments—both negative and positive—about something as divisive and complicated as the adult industry are often preconceived and therefore fixed, and there is no anecdote, fact, or statistic that can sway them.

The same notion of willful ignorance in the face of fantasy can also apply to journalism. Reporters often project their fantasies onto their subjects, asking questions without bothering to listen for the truth. And in return, a subject may fantasize that their truth is being heard. When the final product comes into existence, the journalist has failed to get the real story, instead showcasing only the source material that reflects their own biases and perspectives.

The subject, meanwhile, sees their name and likeness attached to words they have said, but presented in a manner that supports a point they never intended to make. And they may very well leave the experience feeling confused, angry, and downright bitter.

It seems that the messy results of these two dueling fantasies reaching a breaking point is at the heart of the controversy surrounding *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On,* the recently-released documentary series from Netflix.

Directed by Jill Bauer and Ronna Gradus (and executive produced by actress Rashida Jones), the series attempts to examine the new paradigms of sex and dating in the digital age, while following up on the filmmakers' examination of the pornography industry that began with their 2015 documentary *Hot Girls Wanted.*

Both *Hot Girls Wanted* and its companion series seek to make the argument that women are being exploited by the adult industry, but if you hear the porn performers who participated in the original documentary tell it, they were subjected to precisely the same sort of exploitation at the hands of the *Hot Girls Wanted* directors.

Hot Girls Wanted focused on Riley Reynolds, a porn agent and performer then based in Florida who's shown recruiting young women off the internet and into the adult industry, housing them in his dorm-style apartment, and farming them out for sex scenes. The film ignores the backdrops of class and economics that might drive these women to make the decision to enter the industry, instead framing their stories as tragic and pitiable. *Hot Girls Wanted* drew the ire of many in the industry, who felt that while it might seem accurate if considered in a vacuum, the film was ideologically anti-porn and failed to reflect the multiplicity of experiences in the adult industry, which is largely based in the Los Angeles area.

"I feel like the documentary was looking for an angle and found women who fit their story," says Kayden Kross, a performer and director who has written extensively about sexuality and the sex industry. "It's completely off-base to go to the Florida porn industry and present it as the entire industry, when really it's one corner of the market. That's a bad way of presenting information."

"Some people felt enlightened by [the documentary], and some people felt it stigmatized the business and the industry. That was not our intention," Rashida Jones told *Rolling Stone* while promoting *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On.* "In the new series," she continued, "we wanted to show that there are many stories in the porn industry." (Jones's representatives did not respond to *Penthouse*'s request for an interview. Requests for comment sent to Netflix, the directors, and the show's production house Herzog & Company also went unanswered.)

As Jones indicates, the series was intended to be, in part, a corrective to the picture painted by the original documentary, while also offering a wider examination of sex and relationships in the digital age.

The first series episode, "Women on Top," was directed by Jones personally, and warmly portrays the feminist pornographers Holly Randall and Erika Lust. But subsequent episodes—all directed by Bauer and Gradus—tell stories with a darker, even desperate

cast. We meet a former reality-TV star who seems addicted to dating apps and habitually "ghosts" women. In the next episode, we're shown a cadre of young women who've just moved out to Los Angeles to get into porn—one of them spirals out of control, straight into drug addiction. In "Money Shot," we're shown a male porn performer, nude, standing over a young woman on her knees, heroically struggling to jerk off onto her face. In "Take Me Private," a cam girl travels to Australia to meet a longtime customer in the hopes that their online rapport may lead to IRL romance (it doesn't). The series concludes with "Don't Stop Filming," a harrowing episode about a young woman who, spurred by the positive feedback of online strangers, streamed her friend's rape live on Periscope.

If this is the multiplicity of experiences that Jones and her collaborators wished to portray, then it seems their vision of sexuality in the digital age is a decidedly grim one. And even if its creators approached the project with pure intentions, many who participated in the series walked away feeling burned.

"Money Shot"—which split its focus between Riley Reynolds (by then operating out of L.A. and engaged to his client and fellow performer Gia Paige) and a pair of African-American performers, Tyler Knight and the relatively inexperienced Jax Slayher—proved to be particularly problematic. Knight, for one, claims that the filmmakers withheld the fact that they were affiliated with the Hot Girls Wanted franchise.

"Throughout the casting process, I asked directly [about this affiliation], and they said absolutely not," reports Knight, calling me from his home on the West Coast. He adds that during filming, "I asked several times what the title of the project was. They were very evasive and wouldn't give a direct answer, or say that it was being worked out."

Knight, whose memoir received positive reviews for its writing and story, and who is currently working on a novel revolving around the worlds of MMA and hip-hop, also tells me he felt he'd been deceived regarding the episode's focus. As he puts it: "I was under the belief that it was an episode about me and my transition from talent to published writer. That, of course, was not the case."

Knight says he made it "abundantly clear" that if his footage was intended to be used for a documentary under the Hot Girls Wanted brand name or was in any way affiliated with Rashida Jones, he wanted no part of it.

"I even said on camera that Rashida Jones can go fuck herself," states the author and performer. "There's no way in the world they could possibly misconstrue my feelings about [*Hot Girls Wanted*]." Knight didn't even realize he was in the new series, he says, until he saw an article about the show in a trade publication that mentioned his name.

For her part, Gia Paige says her participation in the original documentary was an uncomfortable one. "My experience with *Hot Girls Wanted* was very forced," she tells me in an email, explaining that she felt pressure from both the producers and Reynolds, her then-fiancé, to appear in the episode. Despite her reticence, she agreed, and signed a release consenting to be featured on camera. However, she says she felt uneasy during filming, and eventually requested that Bauer and Gradus not use her footage.

Prior to the documentary's release, Reynolds broke off their engagement. Looking back, Paige observes, "He wasn't just my fiancé, he was my agent. He was supposed to guide me and do things that benefited me, not put me in danger and use me for his personal gain."

Not only was Gia Paige featured in the final cut, the filmmakers interspersed their footage with screenshots from Paige's personal Facebook page, which featured her legal first and middle names. This exposure, communicated to a wide audience by Netflix, could have provided online trolls with enough information to start a harassment campaign against Paige and her family.

"Shortly after the airing," Paige states, "every single woman in my immediate and extended family began receiving envelopes FULL of printed pictures—at least 50 in each—of me performing sexual acts. Even if I were not a sex worker, this would be humiliating and devastating." The experience, she says, was enough to make her consider leaving the porn industry.

Citing Paige's complaints as well as allegations that the likenesses of other performers were used without their consent, the Free Speech Coalition—a trade group representing the interests of those in the adult entertainment industry—sent a public letter to Jones, Gradus, Bauer, and the Chief Content Officer of Netflix, accusing *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On* of "perpetuating unfair labor practices against adult performers on their own production."

The letter went on to note that the series "may have made the lives of the workers featured in it substantially less safe by increasing the visibility and accessibility of their private information…without regard to how that might affect these performers." When that letter received no response, the FSC sent a second one expanding on their concerns and intimating that they were exploring the possibility of filing a lawsuit against the series creators. (A June 2017 search of California, Florida, and federal court records indicated that while Netflix gets sued often, neither they nor Bauer and Gradus were the subject of lawsuits related to the Hot Girls Wanted franchise.)

"I EVEN SAID ON CAMERA THAT RASHIDA JONES CAN GO FUCK HERSELF," SAYS TYLER KNIGHT.

"There have been a number of documentaries about the porn industry," says porn actress Kayden Kross. "This is the only time I've seen the FSC send a letter publicly." In the adult industry, she goes on to explain, "there are a few things you just don't do. One is exposing legal names—it doesn't matter how you feel toward the person or how bad your Twitter fight gets, you never expose legal personal information."

Sex workers run a risk of being outed or harassed, and while some performers are happy to make their legal names public and even perform under them, many others keep such details closely guarded secrets in the hopes of minimizing that risk and creating separation between their personal lives and their porn lives. By exposing someone's personal details, Kross tells me, "you're making a choice for someone else, and it's not your right to make that choice. To do that without permission goes against everything we do."

What is perhaps most baffling about the situation is the seeming indifference that directors Bauer and Gradus have shown to those who feel slighted or even damaged by the series.

"The narrative has kind of become hijacked, that we exposed sex workers and that we put them in danger by telling the world that they were sex workers, when in fact we never did that," Gradus remarked to *Variety*. When Effy Elizabeth and Autumn Kayy, a pair of cam performers, publicly complained that the directors used Periscope footage of them without their permission, the show's Twitter account responded via Direct Message, saying,

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / JEFF VESPA

(L-R) Director/producer Ronna Gradus, actress/producer Rashida Jones and director/producer Jill Bauer from 'Hot Girls Wanted'

"We can put you in touch with our production company so they can explain fair use." ("Fair use" is a legal doctrine allowing for certain instances, such as news reporting, in which intellectual property may be incorporated into a greater work without its creator's prior authorization.)

In the *Variety* interview, Gradus shifted the blame to Elizabeth and Kayy themselves, saying that if the pair hadn't taken to Twitter to air their frustrations in the first place, "We never would have known [who they were, and] viewers never would have known."

In a subsequent interview with the *New York Post* pop-culture website Decider, Bauer and Gradus confirmed that Paige had asked to be removed from "Money Shot," but said they chose to disregard her wishes. As Gradus put it, they "went as far as we felt we could while still maintaining the integrity of the story."

As for Paige's complaint that showcasing her legal first name put her in danger, the filmmakers pleaded ignorance to the impact of their actions. "I'm not sure how knowing her first name, her real first name, would have led anybody closer to finding her," Gradus told Decider.

The directors seem not to have taken into account the fundamental power dynamic between journalists and their subjects—especially when those subjects belong to vulnerable communities.

"We're talking about one of the most marginalized and non-taken-seriously jobs in the world," says Dr. Chauntelle Tibbals, a sociologist and the author of *Exposure: A Sociologist Explores Sex, Society, and Adult Entertainment*. When you're a sex worker, Tibbals explains, "anything you say is rendered either questionable or not valid." And when it comes to journalists—members of a field whose credibility rests on the assumption that they use their platform to convey accurate information—sex workers face "a great power differential."

As Janet Malcolm wrote in her groundbreaking 1990 book *The Journalist and the Murderer,* "The disparity between what seems to be the intention of an interview as it is taking place and what it

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / DMYTRO FLISAK

actually turns out to have been in aid of always comes as a shock to the subject." Being a journalist's subject, continues Malcolm, can result in a "dizzying shift in perspective," a process of "deliberately induced delusion, followed by a moment of shattering revelation."

In today's social media-addled landscape, of course, we are all media creators as well as consumers and believe we know the game inside and out. But instead of making us savvier when it comes to dealing with the media, it simply adds another, somewhat postmodern, layer of delusion. The subject knows that they are performing for an audience and aims to conduct themselves as such, while the journalist works to obscure the nature of the construct that both have created. A good reporter, regardless of medium, is a cross between a psychoanalyst and a trial lawyer. They ask personal, even invasive, questions of their subjects, examining their actions while probing for the motivations behind them, only to use this information as raw material with which to construct a narrative, logical and tidy, preferably close enough to the truth, and one always designed to explain one thing or another to an audience they've pretended thus far is not part of the equation.

If the journalist does an ethical job, each party manages to walk away relatively unscathed. The subject may not agree with the piece's overall point, but feels they were not misled or mischaracterized during the process, nor has their physical and mental health been jeopardized. They have been granted an opportunity to contribute to the public discourse, and for many, that is enough. If the subject of a journalistic work does not feel this way, then perhaps the journalist has not behaved ethically, or has acted callously or carelessly, overlooking their subject's humanity in the service of making their larger point.

"When people do what we do for a living," says Tyler Knight, "we're reduced to our lowest common denominators and characteristics, and are made to seem less than human. The problem is, we are real-life human beings, and that was completely not taken into account by the creators of [*Hot Girls Wanted*]. Because these people weren't seen as human beings with fears, dreams, and even families, they had no issue outing them to the public. There were no perceived consequences."

EVEN IF ITS CREATORS APPROACHED THE PROJECT WITH PURE INTENTIONS, MANY WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE SERIES WALKED AWAY FEELING BURNED.

Despite the adult industry's relative powerlessness to defend themselves against negative press, many within the community still actively seek out media coverage, says Kayden Kross.

"Porn will really take any breadcrumbs the media will give it," she says. "Obviously, we don't like negative coverage, but we'll roll the dice hoping for positive coverage just to get coverage. There's a trust issue, but we're so hungry for any relationship that we continually come back to it." It is this mind-set, perhaps, that helps explain why sex workers chose to appear in *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On,* despite the franchise's negative reputation within the industry.

Meanwhile, market forces within the modern media landscape tend to reward projects that espouse a political message, says Kevin Munger, a PhD candidate at the NYU Social Media and Political Participation Lab, whose work centers on the internet's effects on political polarization.

"The fundamental reality of modern media is that everything does better if it's attached to some kind of social identity," observes Munger. By imbuing *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On* with examples designed to provoke a strong reaction rather than presenting the porn industry in a neutral manner, Bauer and Gradus may have been making a calculated decision designed to increase their film's visibility, Munger speculates. He notes that when it comes to the internet, it's important for a piece to provoke a reaction, regardless of whether it is positive or negative.

"The fact that there's a controversy clearly helps the series," he points out, "because now everyone is able to have a 'take' that allows them to say what they think and convince other people whether they belong to a relevant social group or not."

While it's true that Gia Paige may have signed a release and that fair use may have given Bauer and Gradus the grounds to use Periscope footage of Effy Elizabeth and Autumn Kayy, that doesn't end the discussion. Just because something is legally sound doesn't mean that the subject is free from risk.

The increased exposure provided by the documentary creates the conditions for what those in academia refer to as "context collapse." "Oftentimes, people are performing online for a relatively small audience," Munger observes, "but there's always the possibility that the audience will become much larger and that whatever kind of specific social codes or language that made sense in the original context aren't necessarily going to make sense in the bigger context."

For the performers in *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On,* this means that they were no longer presenting for a relatively small, self-selecting group of fans, but instead a much more generalized audience, one less disposed toward enjoying porn, and whose biases may have been stoked by the series's underlying viewpoint.

To Dr. Tibbals, *Hot Girls Wanted* represents "a wider narrative of sex-negativity and sex-normativity," one that dictates which forms of sexual expression ought to be acceptable and which should not. The series exalts the more sensually-minded work of directors Erika Lust and Holly Randall, placing them in opposition to porn that depicts rough and BDSM-style sex, as well as other sexual acts that some might consider demeaning. Such a stance contains within it shades of the feminist anti-pornography movement of the late 1970s and early 1980s, when activists such as Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon argued that porn depicting aggression toward women violated the rights of all women and ought to be banned. However, more recent feminist thinkers and scholars have questioned this mind-set, contending that such a stance both creates division within the feminist community and ignores the complicated social and psychological issues that draw people to such pornography in the first place.

For self-identified feminist filmmakers such as Jill Bauer and Ronna Gradus to render judgment on certain types of porn is "hypocritical," Kayden Kross argues. "You have these women whose issue with men is that they act patriarchal, and then they turn around and tap you on the head like you're a child who needs to be told what to do." Such a narrative, Kross adds, "creates hang-ups and alienates people—it either harms people quietly who fold under it, or it alienates the people who refuse to agree with it."

The documentary format used by *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On* is so powerful precisely because it exhibits an aura of veracity that allows filmmakers to present footage in a way that can pass

off opinion as fact. As sociologist Tibbals points out, "People still think of the [documentary] style as having some sort of credence, but truly, it can be manipulated like any other content form—it can be kind of a bait-and-switch. When one uses the journalistic documentary lens as a veil to distract from the fact that what you're really doing is presenting your own platform, that's highly unethical and extremely counterproductive in terms of getting any real information out there to people."

"I feel like [the series] was a cross between journalism and reality television," says James Rhine, who served as the centerpiece of episode two, "Love Me Tinder." Rhine has a unique perspective when it comes to this sort of thing—in addition to appearing in the Netflix series, he was a cast member of the sixth and seventh seasons of *Big Brother,* a fact that was played up in the "Tinder" episode's final cut.

"The fact that they formatted it around 'former reality star' wasn't deceptive," Rhine says, "but it was clickbait." He also takes issue with his episode's arc, which centered around his use of dating apps to meet women, only to "ghost" them by breaking off all contact. As Rhine puts it: "*Hot Girls Wanted* was pitched to me as a story on dating and technology, and that they were looking for someone who used apps for dating. I didn't realize it was going to be about this whole ghosting bullshit. It didn't go in the direction that I was told things were going to go."

That said, Rhine did not come away from the show with purely negative impressions, and even compares it positively to his previous television experience. While on *Big Brother,* he says, he was always conscious that he was a cast member on a TV show, and that producers were looking to manipulate him and fellow cast members by lying to them or instigating conflict. For him, *Hot Girls Wanted* was a different experience. "At no point did I feel like the people who were interviewing me didn't care about me getting everything I had to say out," he says. "We had deep conversations—some of them even felt like therapy."

And though Rhine wasn't completely happy with the final results, he has tried to consider the situation from all angles. "There are so many different factors that go into a production," he reflects, explaining that often the arc of projects such as *Hot Girls Wanted* changes as producers go over the raw footage they've obtained. "They got a good story, but I was like, *Aw man, what the fuck?*" Regardless, Rhine says, "I think [the producers] were good people, and I would even do it again."

"PEOPLE STILL THINK OF THE [DOCUMENTARY] STYLE AS HAVING SOME SORT OF CREDENCE, BUT TRULY, IT CAN BE MANIPULATED LIKE ANY OTHER CONTENT FORM."

Bailey Rayne, a cam performer and agent who helped mentor an apartment full of fledgling female performers in the episode "Owning It," had similarly mixed feelings about the material Bauer and Gradus used to tell the story. "You could kind of tell they had an agenda, and they took footage that fit that agenda," she says by phone. "There were girls [in the house] who were really inspirational, and they didn't even make the cut. When I asked one of the producers about it, they said some of the positive things were left out so that people could understand and sympathize with our struggle. I was like, 'We don't want people to feel bad for us! We already have that.'"

Rayne and the young performers spent several months with the *Hot Girls Wanted* producers, she says, and she tried her best to present the industry in the most positive light possible. "My big thing was: No drugs in the house. That lasted not even a day. Before filming, I'd go and clean all the drugs out of the house—in a few shots you can see me in the background with trash bags."

Even still, one of Rayne's charges was filmed casually doing drugs on camera and was portrayed in the episode as having fallen into drug abuse as a way to cope with the pressures of

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the porn industry. Though Rayne says she felt this wasn't a completely accurate reflection of the events as they occurred, she understands why the producers framed the situation in the way that they did: "I can't blame them for using [that footage], because that's gonna sell really well."

Many people I spoke to for this piece have actively avoided *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On* since its release. "It doesn't really appeal to me, especially as somebody who's in the industry," said Seth's Beard of the Vegas-based production house WoodRocket. "It's purposely going out and hurting people in my industry just for the opportunity to get some publicity."

And while Rayne, too, sympathizes with this viewpoint, she feels it's irresponsible for the porn industry to criticize *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On* without having seen it. "We can't ignore it as a whole," she states, "because the public isn't going to. People are trying to learn through this series. If we aren't informing ourselves, we can't correct any misconceptions [that people may be left with]."

Bailey Rayne also suggests that there might be a kernel of truth to some of the more sensational critiques presented by the series. Porn, she notes, "is not a perfect industry. The people who are upset because this industry wasn't portrayed perfectly need to step back and consider that this was a documentary, not just an entertainment piece. If negative things did happen in front of the cameras we can't expect a documentary series to lie for us–it's not like they made that footage appear out of nowhere."

Perhaps, then, it is not the substance of the critiques of the porn industry presented by *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On* that is the true issue, but instead the outsider's perspective from which they are levied. In order to diagnose the problems with porn, observes Tyler Knight, "you need credibility, and credibility comes from practical experience and knowledge."

Despite the fact that his memoir *Burn My Shadow* arguably serves as a more damning excoriation of porn than the Hot Girls Wanted franchise does, Knight tells a story that is uniquely his own in a way that adheres to the rules and rituals designed to protect porn performers from being demonized by the outside world. He lets episodes from his own career serve as a series of parables for the good and bad of porn, from the giddy incredulity he occasionally feels about getting paid to have sex on camera to on-set discrimination from both directors and performers. He also discusses STD scares, a Viagra habit that nearly claimed his life, how having sex with a stranger in a room full of people can grow to feel rote and mechanical, and the difficulties of keeping his porn career and personal life completely separate. He places these events in the context of a narrative of childhood sexual abuse, entering porn to escape homelessness, and the institutionalized racism he faces as a black man living in Los Angeles. (And unlike *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On,* Knight's book is funny, too. At one point, Knight experiences a mid-blowjob, Viagra-induced hallucination in which a mass-produced dildo molded in the shape of his own penis tells him to start a blog.)

One of the takeaways of *Burn My Shadow* is that pornography is both a symptom and reflection of societal ills, not the cause of them, as *Hot Girls Wanted* would have its viewers believe. Furthermore, it makes clear that the struggles facing porn performers–inequality, hostile work environments, feeling alienated from their labor, and worries that their careers might be negatively affecting their health–are not all that different from those of the average worker. The problems Knight highlights are issues of workers' rights, not of morality, and they're more complicated and less easily resolved than *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On*'s thesis that porn and technology perpetuate antisocial behavior.

"The ironic thing," Knight says of the series, "is that it takes so much time filming the inner lives of their subjects, but completely misses the inner lives of their subjects."

As an author with a relatively high profile, Tyler Knight had a substantial audience willing to learn about the realities of the porn industry. However, even if a book such as his crosses into the mainstream and shows up on the *New York Times* best-seller list, its potential impact pales in comparison to that of a branded documentary series on the Netflix platform. As Dr. Chauntelle Tibbals reflects, "Because people don't have easy, accurate information about what it's like to work in the sex industry, they continue to look at narratives that are accessible and conflate them with accurate information. That does so much damage, and the saddest thing about it is *Hot Girls Wanted: Turned On* could have done real good. It's a missed opportunity."

Drew Millard is a freelance writer whose work has appeared in VICE, The Guardian, Hazlitt, and many other publications. Find him on Twitter at @drewmillard

PHOTO: FOOTAGE COURTESY OF PENTHOUSE

BROKE DICK MOUNTIN'

WHEN I was in my twenties, all I wanted to do was ride motorcycles. My first was a 1994 FXR Harley-Davidson I scored from a friend of my uncle who lived in San Diego. I took the train down from San Francisco, paid cash, got on the bike, and geared up for the long ride home. My plan was to stop off in Los Angeles and then take the coastal route back. Even though I let a few friends know I was coming, the L.A. pit stop was really about this chick, Lucy.

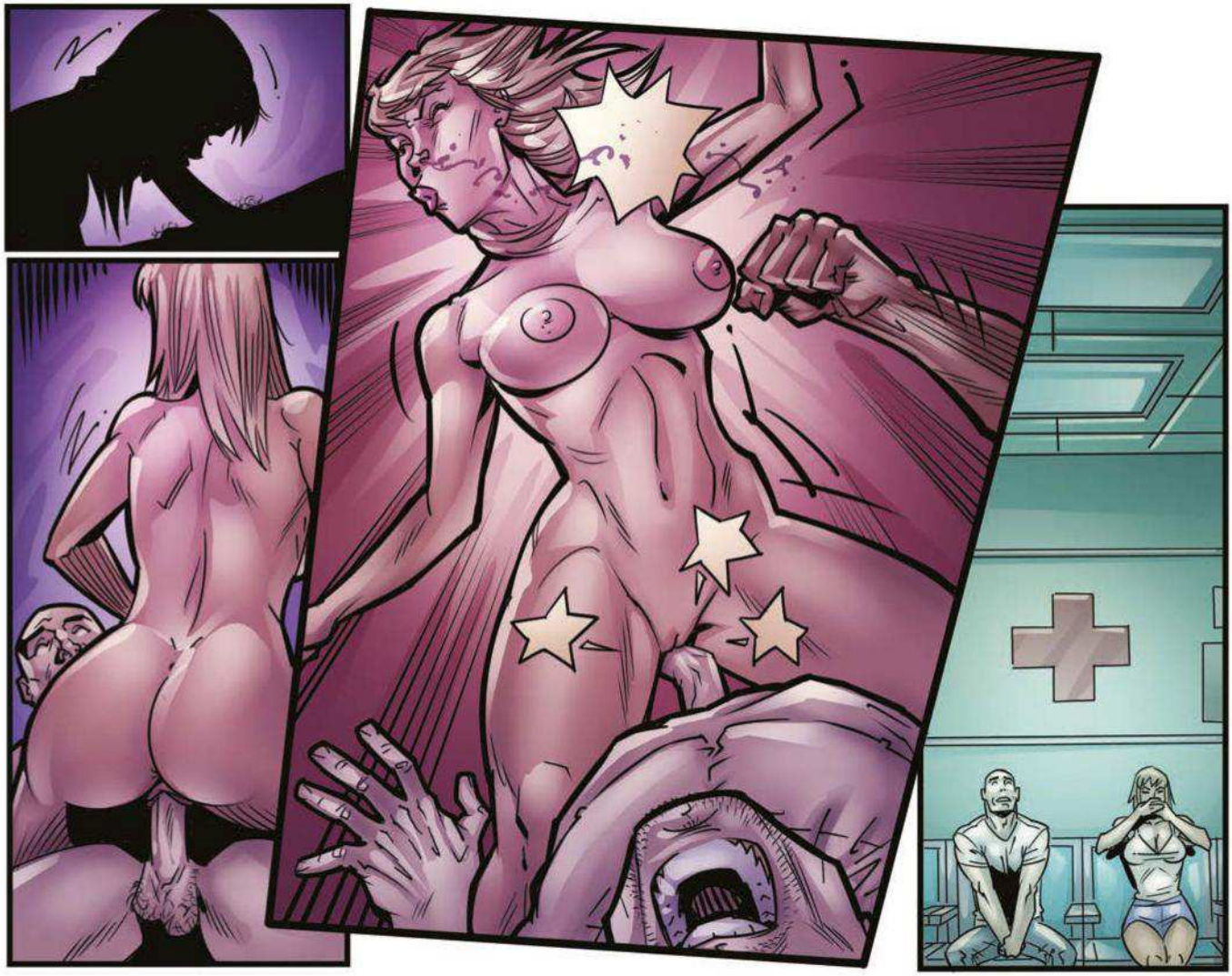
Lucy and I met during a long night of partying. Nothing happened (other than us doing copious amounts of drugs), but we'd been sexting and sending nudes to each other ever since. I'm a total ass man, and Lucy's was like an onion—it made me cry. I mean, I wanted to bury my head between her cheeks like a cartoon ostrich head in sand.

After an afternoon of lane-splitting and heavy traffic, I pulled up to my buddy's house in East L.A. A bunch of our friends were hanging out in the backyard barbecuing and drinking beer. I spotted Lucy immediately. She was sitting in a lawn chair, pulling on her cigarette, talking to her girlfriends. I chugged two quick beers before charging over to her. Something about seeing her in person again made me really nervous. Liquid courage, I guess.

A sly, wide grin crept across her face as I walked over. Her friends scattered. Woo hoo! There was no way I was leaving Los Angeles without taking my best shot at this girl.

The barbecue devolved into a full-blown rager…which turned into a few wasted stragglers sitting around the fire pit, passing a bottle of whiskey. Lucy was cozied up next to me, linking her arm with mine as she rested her head on my

ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON



shoulder. It was on.

"Let's get out of here," I said.

"We can't. My neighbor's pipes exploded and my apartment is a disaster. I'm couch surfing for a few weeks."

Motherfucker.

"I've got an idea," she said, and grabbed my hand and pulled me inside to a spare bedroom.

We started making out immediately. She coiled her leg around my waist and I hoisted her up, then collapsed on the bed near a pile of coats and other random shit. We were sucking face like teenagers.

Lucy mounted me as I lifted her shirt and dragged my tongue over her tits. She reached into my pants, pulled out my cock, and wiggled down to blow me. The whiskey buzz blended perfectly with the softness of her tongue.

Dying to fuck, I yanked her back up by the armpits. (I know, I know—not my best move, but it was effective.) She ripped her pants off, threw them across the room, and slowly lowered herself onto my dick. We worked up a good rhythm quickly and she started to buck me like a wild woman…rocking the headboard…*thump thump thump thump thump thump.*

Out of nowhere, muffled grunts. A man's voice, like it was coming from inside the room. Lucy froze. The pile of shit on the bed beside us started to move. I reached over, grabbing around to see if someone was buried under the mess.

"What the fuck is that?" Lucy whispered.

All of a sudden, some wasted dude popped out from under the pile, fists flailing. He cold-cocked Lucy right in the nose and sent her tumbling off the bed, bending my dick violently in the wrong direction as she dismounted. The pain shot me into a fetal position while Lucy ragdolled into the dresser. My cock went from hot, searing pain to a terrifying numbness.

Lucy pulled herself up from the floor, cupping her hands to her face as blood poured onto her chest.

"My nose," she snuffled. "It's broken!"

I bolted out of the bed, put my T-shirt to her face, and tried to tug my pants back up. We spent the rest of the night in the emergency room. She had a broken nose, and I had a penile fracture.

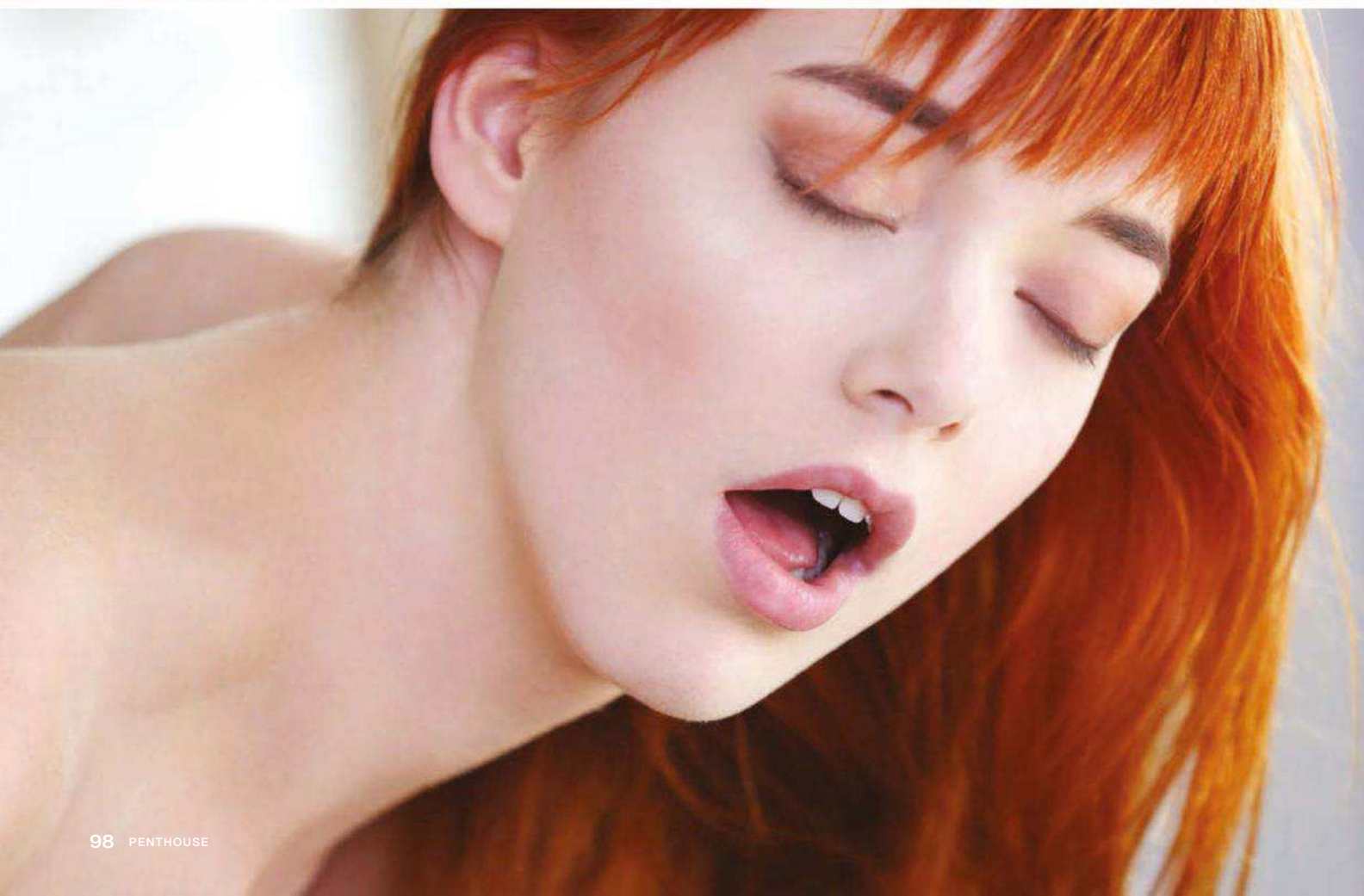
Sure, we both laugh about it now, but have you ever ridden a Harley for six hours with a broken dick?

—Sam, San Francisco, California

GIRL CODE

Jillian and Anny are BFFs 4-ever. They would totally do anything for each other. Girl Code is serious business. "Chicks before dicks" is what they always say (most likely). Anny needs a ride to the airport? Jillian calls her an Uber. Jillian wants an honest answer about her new haircut? Anny's got her back. Wait…Anny needs help giving her new fuckboy a Facetime show? Jillian takes off her top and dives right in…because that's what girlfriends are for. If only we knew which one was which. Meh—it's better this way.

Photography: Brigham Field



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HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

SPANKY DOLITTLE
I've been engaged for a year now, but have been dating my fiancé for almost five. He has been unemployed since last November, so I am the sole breadwinner. I recently found two email accounts that he's been using for personals on Craigslist. When I confronted him, he admitted to doing this since October. He swears he never met up with any of the women and has only emailed pics back and forth. I thought we truly loved each other on another level. He's a great man, lover, best friend, all that shit. He says he only does it when he's drinking. Should I tell him to see a counselor? Should I kick him out? What the fuck should I do?
–Crystal

My love, your man (if you even want to call him that) is not the one who needs therapy. YOU ARE! And I say this with love. You need to want more for yourself. MUCH MORE. You are obviously a kind and compassionate person. I respect that. But, the no job and the Craigslist personals? Hell-to-the-no, bitch. This deadbeat needs to get the boot. He doesn't sound like a great man or a best friend. A great man and friend would not do ANY of this. You should read the book *Codependent No More.* He is not the problem. The problem is you if you continue to stay. Why the fuck doesn't he have a job yet? Even if it's flipping burgers at Mickey D's. It's more about the effort than the paycheck. I'm sure he's bored as fuck, feeling like shit, and probably emasculated because you're taking care of him…so then he goes and hollers at bitches (or men pretending to be bitches) on Craigslist? He's doing that to help his ego because right now his ego is like fuckin' mashed potatoes. Make this fucker get a job. Give him 30 days to find one or he's out on the street.

RIDDLE OF THE SPHINCTER
I'm 18 years old and I live in Houston. Both my parents were born into very religious families in Egypt, so everything in my life growing up was "traditional." It was especially difficult for me because I'm bisexual. My parents are not shy about bashing gay people right in front of me, but because they are my parents, I can't really do anything about it. My dream is to just yell, "Fuck you, I like dick!" but that comes at a price…the price of my college tuition. I can't stand existing in the shadows–I feel like I'm not living. Part of me thinks I should just go get a job as a bartender, make bank, and pay for college myself, but I'm scared. My parents have always spoiled me with money. I want to experience a life where I don't have to lie or hide, but I also need emotional security. I just want to live my life, do yoga, smoke a little weed, and be happy. Am I just being ungrateful?
–P.R.

Wow, this is heavy shit. I'm a follow-your-heart-and-be-yourself-no-matter-what type chick, but financial stability is important. Staying on your parents' good side can also be part of a larger strategic move that will enhance your life in the future. BTW, I scream, "Fuck you, I like dick!" all the time and it really does feel good. Bartending and banking money sounds like a great plan. My gut tells me you should scream, "I like dick!" and do you and be you! If your parents can't offer you emotional support while you're being true to who you are, then they obviously have severe issues. Not you. I really feel for you because this is a super difficult situation. We all just want to be loved and accepted for who we are, but it's rarely that simple. As long as you love and accept yourself, you will win no matter what you choose. Hang in there!

STATUS UPDATE
Hey. What's up, Leah?
–Jeremy H.

Just trying to write this column while obsessively checking social media and drinking the smoothie my sister Sarah made for me.

COUNTRY COCK
I just moved to the middle of fucking nowhere–I'm originally from the Bay Area, so I get hyphy. I need to get laid but Tinder is not my thing. What do I do?
–Ashley M.

That's rough, but sometimes you can find some great dick hidden in the middle of nowhere. Keep a positive mental attitude. Manifest the dick. It works. Local bars? Church? Synagogue? The grocery store? You gotta explore your surroundings. I've prayed for dick when it was really dry out there, and it worked. The power of prayer is real, girl! So get down on your knees, clasp those hands together, and ask the universe to send you some booty. And if that doesn't work, go on Tinder.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM/ LIGHTSPRING

EVEN IF IT'S FLIPPING BURGERS AT MICKEY D'S. IT'S MORE ABOUT THE EFFORT THAN THE PAYCHECK.

COUCH CANKER

I have been with my fiancé for seven years. He got laid off from his job about two years ago and hasn't found anything yet. I've been paying all the bills myself, and it's getting really hard on me. I love him dearly—we've known each other since I was 13 (I'm 30 now). I feel like I gotta stick it out, but I don't want to. Is that horrible? They say that money is the number one reason people break up.
—But I Love Him

Two years with no fuckin' job!?? That is some bullshit! What's up with all these dudes not contributing? There are other men out there who will love you, believe me, and they also have jobs! I mean, is he your man or your child? Think about it. You do not have to stick this out. Would he do the same for you? I doubt it. Women are so much more compassionate. We are hardwired this way. It's all biological. Studies show that even female babies are more interested in emotional expression than male babies. We just give more fucks than they do. Let's change that shit, girl! Get rid of that fool.

Leah McSweeney is founder and CEO of Married to the Mob clothing, a regular contributor to Hypebeast, and cohost of the podcast "Improper Etiquette," with hip-hop radio personality Laura Stylez.

GAG MASTER

Like most undiscovered "tens" from Florida, Jenna Jade was serving fries and cleavage at Hooters when a coworker tipped her off to the world of webcamming. One day online and she was hooked. But Jade isn't your average webcam girl. Imagine the kind of shit Adam Carolla says coming out of the mouth of a hot, naked blonde. Yeah, we're in love too.

Photography: Gerald De Behr

Vital Stats:

32-24-34

Hometown:

Tampa, Florida

Tell us about your YouTube series, "Potatoes in Their Natural Habitat"?

Jenna: Oh my god… [laughs] I'm a webcam girl, but most of my shows are silly. I mean, I've dressed up as a T. Rex before. I don't go online as much as I should, so my fans get upset and start to miss me. So, my partner-in-crime Blaze and I decided to put out a vlog so our fans would get a taste of what life with us was really like—you know, us without makeup, acting completely ridiculous.

Like the webcam girl version of *The Simple Life*.

Blaze and I are basically the same person.

Does she hate kids as much as you do?

If I'm hormonal, I can see a photo of a kid in a bear onesie and think, "That's nice". But then the other 99 percent of the time I see them in person and they're screaming, their hands are sticky, they're all dirty with tons of shit on their face—they're just gross!

Blame their shitty, lazy parents. Wet Wipes are not a secret.

I hate them both. The kids are still the ones who are screeching, so I hate them more.

Kinda like the guy you tried to beat up at a donut shop because he took the last bacon cronut.

I don't get up early, okay? I woke up very early to go across town, then waited in line just to get this bacon cronut. I'm waiting and it's almost my turn, and this gigantic fat fuck in front of me bought all the donuts in the store. ALL OF THEM. Every donut! I still think about that incident and rage. It will stay with me until my death. I never went back to that shop. I found a new donut place to get my bacon cronut fix.

Your webcam shows play out more like improv comedy with nudity.

Yeah! I put funny props on my Amazon wish list, and my fans buy them for me if they want to see it in the show. I've worked with inflatable squirrels. I've spanked myself with ping-pong paddles. I dressed up as a camel once.

You're a lady of the people.

If my fans want to see me act like an idiot, I'm ready. I'm keeping both myself and my fans entertained.

Check out Jenna's live shows daily at Chaturbate.com/jenna_jade or see more at Penthouse.com

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WHY WE JOIN

A SIMPLE QUESTION WITH A NOT-SO-SIMPLE ANSWER.

BY MATT GALLAGHER

SO, umm. Why'd you join?"

It's a question at the heart of military-civilian relations in contemporary America. It's a question that can be asked all kinds of ways, in all sorts of tones, sometimes with hidden meanings, sometimes with nothing but clean, naked curiosity. And it's a question damn near every servicemember and vet gets asked, by friends and strangers alike. I know I've been.

So. Umm. Why'd you join. Question mark.

Each year, somewhere in the 'hood of 180,000 people join the armed forces, either as officers or as enlisted personnel. A Pew survey from a couple years back asked post-9/11 servicemembers and veterans to name the reasons they'd originally joined up. Patriotism/serving the country was listed by an overwhelming number—almost 90 percent. Then came education opportunities like the GI Bill (77 percent), travel/the classic "see the world" hook (60 percent), and gaining skills for a post-military career (57 percent).

What I like about the survey is it allowed respondents to name multiple reasons. Out in the world, when posed that question by those aforementioned friends and strangers, it seems like only one answer can suffice, that only one answer should suffice. A pithy declaration, hopefully. After all, deciding to serve in the military is a big fucking deal, especially during a time of perpetual war. Shouldn't someone who decided "I'll go, send me" have one touchstone reason to satisfy the inquiring minds?

Maybe. And maybe not. Life is immense and complex, especially for young people trying to find their way. Why did your dental hygienist become a dental hygienist? How did your Uber driver end up behind the wheel? People, a lot of people, end up in the military for reasons they're still sorting through by the time their first drill sergeant at basic greets them off the bus with a toothy sneer. But explaining all that to folks without a military background can be… messy, sometimes.

A lot of vets—myself included—have ready-made stories as a result. The stories can change depending on the environment, little verbal chameleons meant to adapt to the moment. At a dinner with my parents' friends? I talk about my family's history with and in military service. At a bar with my wife's coworkers? Had to pay for college, ya dig. At a New York book party with too-precious naval-gazing assholes I feel like riling up because I'm bored and feeling the whiskey? Talk about the sweet, tender thrill of putting rounds downrange and blowing shit up.

Nothing like the watery look of horror that gets, goddamn. It's beautiful.

PEOPLE WHO JOIN THE MILITARY PUT SOME THOUGHT INTO IT BEFORE DOING IT (USUALLY), EVEN IF THOSE URBAN LEGENDS ABOUT WAKING UP DRUNK AND PENNILESS AT A RECRUITERS' STATION PERSIST.

Anyhow, all those things are true, and work in confluence with one another. They also can contradict one another—multiple reasons and explanations can do that. Yeah, people who join the military put some thought into it before doing it (usually), even if those urban legends about waking up drunk and penniless at a recruiters' station persist. Like the late, great Walt Whitman wrote, "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then I contradict myself, I am large, I contain multitudes."

I wanted to hear more about those multitudes from fellow vets, some still in the service, some recently (or recently-ish) out. So I asked them that notorious question, "Why'd you join?" Here are some of my favorite responses, cut down for space and edited for clarity.

KYLE, ARMY SPECIALIST

"What is it that people say? I wasn't 'college material,' I guess. My own high school counselor told me that. Where I'm from [rural Missouri], the military is a way to do something different. I was eighteen. I love my country and also wanted to be able to buy a car, help my grandmom with bills. I think I decided to join the Army way earlier than I did join, to be honest.

"I'm in college now [on the GI Bill], which is funny. My 18-year-old self would laugh. But that's what kills me when I hear other students here talking down about the military. I saw some bad shit, but it was worth it. My family has opportunities now, and I'm proud of that."

JACKIE, FIELD-GRADE NAVAL OFFICER

"Where I come from, people only join the military if they've made a poor life choice—jail, serious debt, that sort of thing. That's the perception, at least. So when my parents tell people what I'm doing and what I've done, they've learned to emphasize I've chosen this life because I want it. Because I'm excellent at it."

"T," MARINE CORPS VETERAN

"I love the Corps. It's blood after those years, bro. I want that whole funeral shit when I die—I fucking earned it. But I'd be lying if I said I don't wonder how life might've been different.

"I went to war five times—my whole twenties in those places. For what, my ex liked to ask when she wanted to fight…a good question. Didn't want to hear it, but a good question.

"I don't think I'd like who I'd be had I not become a Marine. But I think life might be…not better, that's not what I'm saying, but definitely easier. Maybe happier, if that matters at all."

HUNTER, AIR FORCE STAFF SERGEANT

"We live in the greatest nation in the history of the world. I really believe that and we'd be better off if more people remembered it. Serving, representing this flag and what it stands for every day, it's a dream come true. I've wanted to do this since I was a kid.

"Now, was it important to find a good job in the service, one with technical skills that'll transfer over to the civilian world after I retire? Of course. I also wanted to do something [in the Air Force] that I was good at, so I'm maximizing my time here. Like my uncle told me in high school, 'They're gonna get theirs from you. Might as well get something back in return.'"

TOM, ARMY CAPTAIN

"Duty. Honor. Country. That's why I joined. Just like the commercials say. But truthfully…I hated it most days I was in uniform. All the bureaucracy, all the middle management, all the weird taskings and orders that had nothing to do with getting soldiers ready for combat. But I miss those days, more and more, with each passing year. Getting old's part of it. And part of it is realizing I'll never be a part of something like it again. A unified entity. Real life's not like that. I wish it were."

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran of Iraq and the author of the novel Youngblood (Atria/Simon & Schuster).

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AN AMERICAN PORN STAR IN VENICE

SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER, TERA PATRICK RISES AGAIN...KINDA.

INTERVIEW BY CHRIS NIERATKO

THE mother of legendary burlesque dancer Gypsy Rose Lee once told her, "Make them beg for more—and then don't give it to them." These seem like the perfect words to describe the exotic style of sexual dynamo Tera Patrick.

More than a decade has passed since the seductress retired from hard-core films, and not a day has passed without our inbox being filled with requests to feature our 2002 Pet of the Year Runner-Up in these pages once again.

We had all but given up hope of this happening, but then, by stroke of fate, Tera flew to L.A. and paid us a visit. While reminiscing over a wild *Penthouse* shoot in Costa Rica, the self-appointed "mom-preneur" began feeling frisky and decided to bare it all for our cameras one last time. And I think we can all agree that Tera has never looked sexier.

After the steamy shoot, I sat down with this modern-day Gypsy Rose Lee to discuss her departure from porn, life in Italy (where she now resides), her thoughts on U.S. politics, hot-tubbing with Tom Hanks, and everything in between.

(And, Tera, from all your fans around the globe: Thank you!)

Let me begin by thanking you for this pictorial. We realize you don't do nude shoots anymore and we're honored that you'd get undressed for us once again.
I always try to mentor and steer women in the industry in the right direction, and that's why I decided to do this shoot. *Penthouse* was a huge accomplishment and milestone in my career. I was so happy to do this shoot, because as a 40-year-old woman who was a Pet for the first time in 2000, it was important to show you can still come back and do something this amazing. I hope it's inspiring and a positive thing for women. Not to sound arrogant but we often forget how much we can influence someone starting out, in any industry, by making these statements. So many girls have said to me, "You made the industry look good to me. That's why I wanted to join." I think that's wonderful because porn is great. The industry has been good to me, *Penthouse* has been amazing to me, and I still love that I'm welcomed and embraced.

A big question I always have for girls that retire or leave the business–do you feel sexually fulfilled? Do you long for any of the circus sex or threesomes?
Oh no, I'm a dragon lady. I don't share my toys or anything; I'm terrible. In 2003, when I was leaving porn, I considered it a phase in my life when I was really open to all that sexual freedom and fun. As I got older, I really wanted a family and stability and intimacy. When I started in the business I was 23. At 30, when I retired, it just started to become old. I had all the threesomes on-screen and in my private life; it wasn't about finding someone to keep doing that with me. I wanted intimacy. That was the one thing I felt was lacking in my life. I wanted to connect with someone and that's what made me drink. I was lonely. That's one reason for the move to Italy; no one would know me and the dating scene would be different. I'd have a clean slate in a way.

Having found that intimacy with your new Italian husband, what is your turn-on now?
I'm very much a voyeur. I love to watch people have sex. When we were last in Amsterdam, I was eating a cheese sandwich and drinking wine watching a couple in a threesome in the Red Light District, and I remember contemplating for a second going in and joining them because watching was such a turn-on. My love life has just gone crazy and skyrocketed with my husband, and we have a lot of anal sex. That is something he's really into and I had only done once on film and hated it because I couldn't relax or get into it. Also, my last two relationships they neglected my tits completely, whereas my husband sees them as hours of fun and has made me come just from playing with my tits. He even made me squirt, and I'm not a squirter. I remember the first time we were together, he put two of his fingers in my butt and I started laughing. He said, "No? You don't like it?" I said, "I like it, but I love that you are so brave to try that right away. Are you trying to do everything to me in this one shot because you think you're never going to see me again?" He laughed and said yes, he was going to try every hole and move that night.

The woman you are today, in my opinion, is the most gorgeous version of Tera Patrick ever. Your transformation from young girl to mature woman has been well-documented over the past two decades. What are your thoughts when you see old photos of yourself?
What comes to mind when I see photos of my past is that I was really unhealthy back then. When you get older you learn to take better care of yourself. You don't go to White Castle, you don't drink cheap alcohol. I've had my teeth and my boobs done; I've had no work done anywhere else. I had my boobs done when I was Pet of the Year Runner-Up. I had gone through three weeks of super-hard training and I lost my natural 36D boobs because my body fat was so low. I told myself after that I was never going to go through that ever again. I've remained pretty thin after having my daughter, just because I eat better. I don't even really work out.

Although you haven't done scenes in more than a decade, if you could film a private scene just for your husband what would it be like?
It's funny, but for his birthday I had secretly recorded me sucking his cock and us doing different acts, and I surprised him with that. He was really excited because he really likes deep-throating, so I made sure I got a lot of shots like that, with my eyes tearing and watering, a lot of spit and drool. I do webcam shows, and the thing that really keeps me going and indulges my curiosities are the fetishes. I think porn in my era was very Christian-like–there was not much anal and now they're doing five triple anal backflips in a week. I actually have a priest that comes on with me every week like clockwork, and I've made him come on his crucifix and lick it; I've had him put his rosary up his ass–he's really depraved. He came in a yogurt container and ate it. He's always in full priest uniform, asking me if I want him to wipe his ass with his cloak. My husband wants to watch me on cam, because when is he ever going to get to see a priest do all this stuff? I really look at everyone I see on the street now and I feel like I know their fetish.

Through camming, have you unearthed a fetish of your own?
I've always been into choking and being restrained with rope. I'm personally not so romantic; I like the more dominant, physical side. We also have a lot of outdoor sex. My husband always gets real excited when I say, "Let's go hiking."

You're dancing, camming, running a family, newly married. Do you have time for anything else?
I shot a mainstream movie in Virginia Beach, called *Madhouse Mecca,* that's going to premiere at the Venice Film Festival and I'm writing a Thai cookbook. I love to cook.

Speaking of mainstream films, is it true you turned down a role opposite Tom Hanks?
Yeah, I was really bummed because they wanted me to sit in a hot tub with him topless, and I thought, *This is fucking stupid*. I would want to have some dialogue with this incredible actor. I said, "You can hire any chick to do that. I can offer a lot more," and they said, "But you'll be sitting with Tom Hanks," to which I responded, "Yeah, with my tits out. That doesn't do anything for me." It was for *Charlie Wilson's War*. I thought it would be more interesting to show him having a serious conversation with a topless girl, who you think is stupid only on first glance–especially since I love politics.

That's a topic I wanted to touch on with you. You are an American now living in the misogynistic country of Italy during the mostly openly misogynistic time in U.S. politics. What is the perception of America and Americans that you've experienced over there?
Italy had Berlusconi for years. Trump and Berlusconi–talk about a couple of misogynists. I'm living in a country where everything hides behind the Catholic church. They're still very racist over

here. I think I'm the only Thai person in Italy, and would you believe they try to talk to me in Chinese? "Oh, they're the same thing," they tell me. No. No, they're not. Fascism is alive and well over here. The men very much like Trump. A lot of these Eastern European countries like Albania, Romania, Croatia–men from these places I've met in Italy–to them, Trump is a great thing because he's a man that appeals to their misogynistic ideals. It doesn't matter that they are still poor and destitute, that their banking has collapsed, he's making America great. They ask me if Trump is really going to make everything gold and I'm like, "What are you talking about?" They say, "You know, all those gold hotels he has." Vegas is like this wonderful oasis to them. They only know what they see on TV. Italians are always asking me, "Why would you move here when America is so great?"

What's your personal view of what's happening stateside?
One of the things that I would like to see make it over to America that does really well in Italy is the health care. If you're paying 35 percent for taxes, which is what I was paying, why can't women have at least six months of maternity leave, or men, depending on who is financially responsible for their household? Why can we not pay in for health care? Why can we not educate and treat our people?

My view is that people just think Trump is going to bring money in; people are obsessed with money and material things. That was a big reason for me leaving: Americans are very focused on their career, their money, and living a better life by material standards. To some people, having a better life is having a new car, a beautiful house, and business status. For me, having had

that, living the good life now is drinking a glass of wine at three in the afternoon, working a six-hour day instead of 16, 18, 20 hours, and then picking my daughter up from school, taking her to the park, and enjoying my weekends without thinking about work. I think it's important to stop and see what's around us and try and enjoy it. Life is a bit slower here.

What made you choose Italy?

There was an agency here that approached me to start doing striptease shows in Italy a little over two years ago. I came for a month and then I stayed for two extra weeks to go all around Europe. I remember when it was time to leave I felt really sad. That's when I knew I wanted to try it. I thought if I don't like it I can always move back to the States, but if things go the way I think they're going to go in America, I can always stay in Italy.

I wanted to live in a part of the world where I could show my daughter history and art and music and culture. I grew up really, really poor. My father is from England, my mother from Thailand. My mom was selling flowers in the Bangkok flower market at age nine. She has never not known hard labor. When I started making money in the adult industry, it was hard for me to enjoy it because I was really scared of losing it all. Once I became comfortable it made me uncomfortable—that's when I said we're packing our bags and living in another country. I wanted my daughter to be bilingual; she speaks Italian, Spanish, and English. In the United States today, we're teaching our kids to be so reliant on technology for communication. They don't even teach handwriting anymore; they teach on iPads. The most important thing to me was for her to have a more enriched life.

Is there anything you miss about working in porn?

The traveling is what I loved most about the porn industry. I've been to 80 countries since 1999. I would get off the plane and my pussy would be in New Zealand. To me it was so cool that people in New Zealand had seen my pussy! I remember being in Costa Rica to film *Pets in Paradise*. That was a really fun trip, one that ended wildly. We didn't know it but we were shooting on an active volcano. The photographer was backing up to get the shot, and his leg slipped into molten lava. They had to airlift him to San Jose. Nick Guccione, Bob's son, finished the shoot with his wife, Nikki. Five hours after the accident, we arrived back at the hotel and I went to check on the photographer. I asked him if he needed a nurse, since I have a degree in microbiology and I used to work as a nurse. He was like, "Yeah, I totally need a nurse!" So, I start seducing him and I get on top of him. I told him I was really horny and I was going to give him the best night of his life and then his brother, who was there as his assistant, walks in. I was like, "Hey! Come over here and join us." The photographer was like, "No, no, no! He can't join us!" The photographer lost his hard-on when his brother came in, so his brother came and he didn't. I remember the next morning at breakfast I was like, "Good morning, everyone!" The brother was all excited and said good morning and the burned photographer was really mad and didn't talk to us the rest of the trip.

SEE MORE OF TERA AT PENTHOUSE.COM

LOOTCRATE
LOOTCRATE

LOOT CRATE

BY RAPHIE ARONOWITZ

I'VE grown to realize that just about every experience in this world is subject to interpretation—there is no good, there is no bad. There is only one's perception of the experience. Okay, I haven't really learned that…and there's no way a statement that sweeping can hold true across every possible circumstance.

One thing I have come to understand, however, is that I can make just about any experience swing positive or negative simply by the spin I put on it…or the headspace I happen to occupy at the moment I'm thinking about it.

Editor of a major skin mag? Well, the grueling hours, gnawing deadlines, and never-ending loop of pitching, developing, and printing are downright exhausting. Day after day, week after week, issue after issue, the grind is relentless. Sure, reading erotic fan mail, getting unsolicited tit pics (keep 'em coming), and perving out on set are great, but firing off a few knuckle children is still frowned upon—even in this very liberal work environment—so I leave the office more frustrated than most.

The reality, however, is that I love my job…and probably for all the same reasons I just mentioned (aside from not being able to abuse the wicked stick at the office—that one's a real challenge). I work with so many brilliant minds (except Phil), so many inspiring creatives (except Mike), and, you guessed it, more flappy sweater yams than I can shake a stick at. But there's one perk in particular that keeps me smiling all day long: mailbox booty.

Publicists and product managers, marketing execs and manufacturers all send me packages almost every day. Things they want me to try, things they want me to use, things they think I'll enjoy, but more specifically, things they want me to write about and promote through Shameless Plug. And it's awesome. Sure, I get stuck with a lot of weirdness—like the time I went blind for 43 minutes while testing out a handful of experimental boner pills, or when I accidentally poisoned half the office with homemade sludge from that janky bathtub-moonshine kit—but I also get some really great shit. Plus, I feel like a giddy little kid every time a package arrives, harkening back to the days when care packages at sleepaway camp, birthday presents from distant relatives, and airmailed panties from that super-hot Russian tourist-chick I met one summer at El Matador State Beach were the marrow of my very existence.

Apparently I'm not alone, because the armchair psychotherapists at Loot Crate are building a small empire by tapping into those same dopamine receptors that get me happier than a Jew on Free Bagel Day (am I allowed to say that?). And it's annoying, because their model is really simple and so fucking smart.

We guys tend to geek out on collectibles and rare finds. We also like a solid deal, but we're inherently lazy when it comes to shopping. And almost all of us like surprises—especially if they don't have anything to do with a pregnancy test or that time your uncle accidentally sent you a video of him getting brain from some shemule in Thailand. So, for a fart shy of $16, Loot Crate will amass, pack, and ship a big box of goodies to you every month.

I signed up for Loot Crate a while back, thinking that I was going to end up with a bunch of bullshit I would need to get rid of, but boy was I wrong. From a rare *Rocket and Groot* figurine, to a limited-edition *Star Wars* activity book, to *The Walking Dead* boxers (hehe…zomballs), I kept just about everything they sent me. And call it economy of scale or falling off the back of a truck, but the packages are pretty dense, loaded with all kinds of loochie valued well beyond the price I paid. Don't know how they do it, and don't care.

ALMOST ALL OF US LIKE SURPRISES—ESPECIALLY IF THEY DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH A PREGNANCY TEST OR THAT TIME YOUR UNCLE ACCIDENTALLY SENT YOU A VIDEO OF HIM GETTING BRAIN FROM SOME SHEMULE IN THAILAND.

Yes, the selfish bastard in me wants to keep Loot Crate a secret, because if everyone found a way to experience the joys of mailbox booty, one of the greatest perks of my job wouldn't feel as special. The rest of me, however, appreciates that we all deserve to experience the thrill of a surprise every month. Plus, it's really great to get something in the mail that isn't a bill, a repo warning, or a reminder that my power is still shut off.

Loot Crate $15.99
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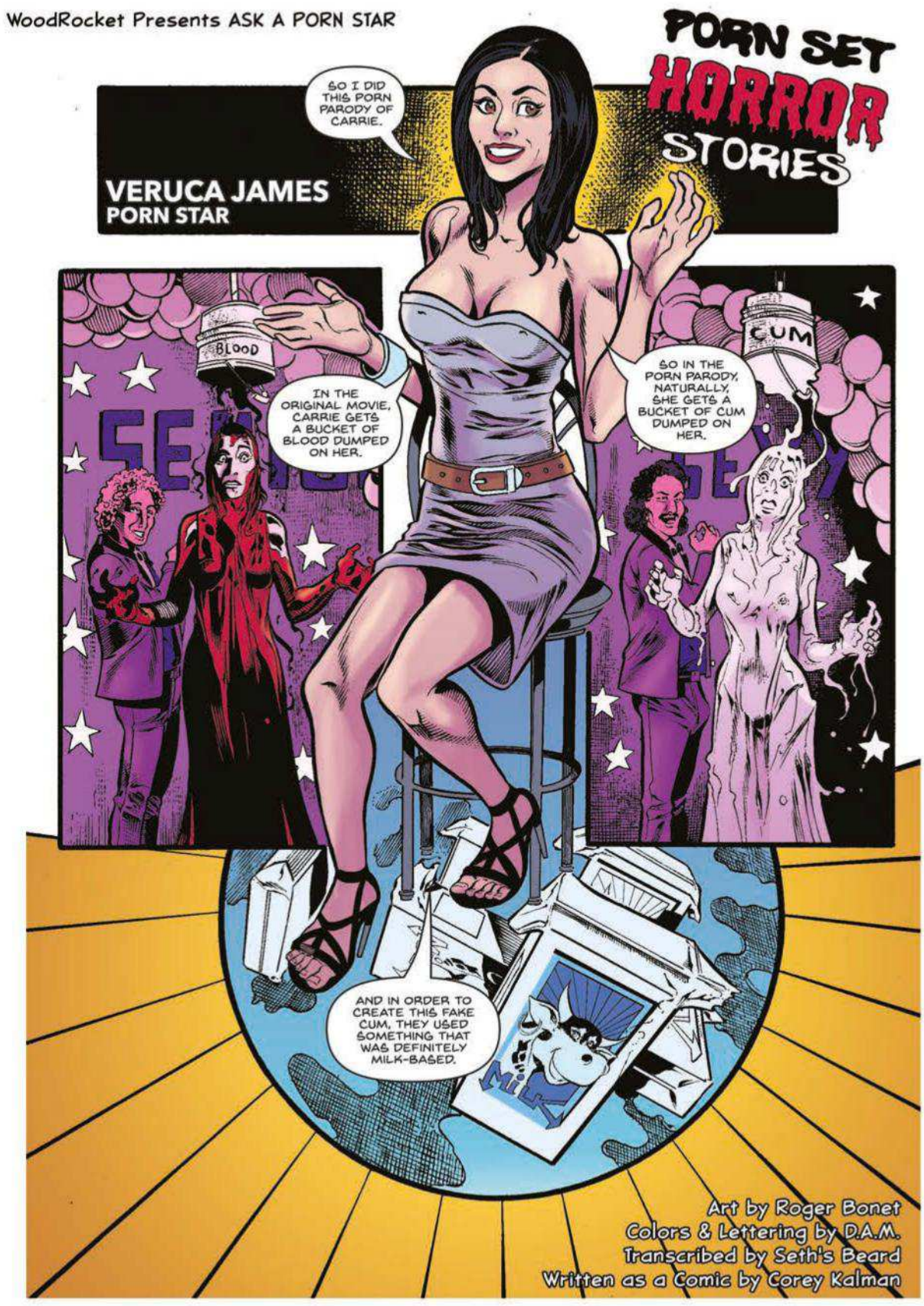
PHOTO: GERALD DE BEHR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AND IN ORDER TO CREATE THIS FAKE CUM, THEY USED SOMETHING THAT WAS DEFINITELY MILK-BASED.
MILK
Art by Roger Bonet
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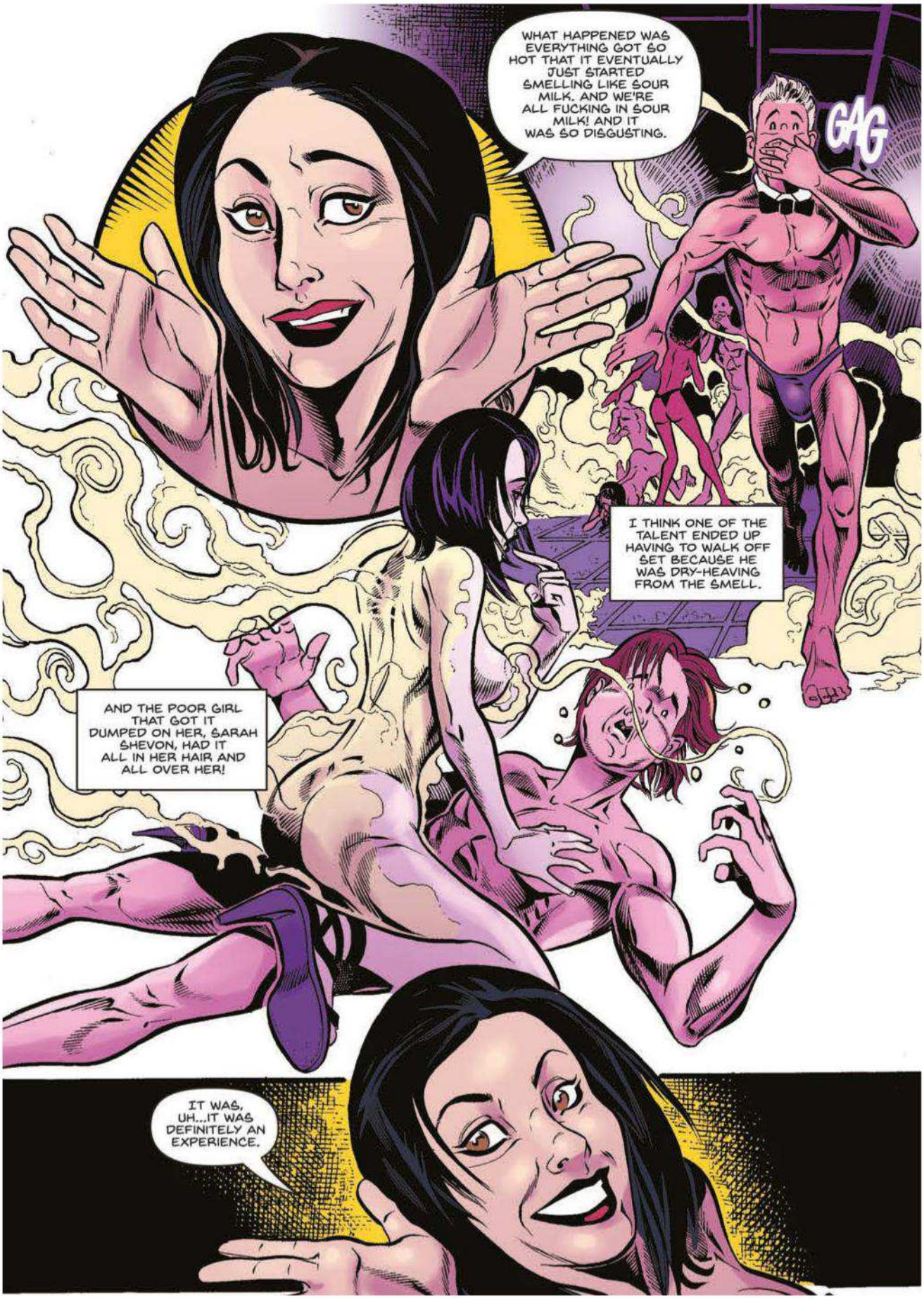
AND WE HAD THIS ORGY SCENE, WHICH WAS THE PROM ORGY THAT WE ALL HAD TO DO.


WHAT HAPPENED WAS EVERYTHING GOT SO HOT THAT IT EVENTUALLY JUST STARTED SMELLING LIKE SOUR MILK. AND WE'RE ALL FUCKING IN SOUR MILK! AND IT WAS SO DISGUSTING.
GAG
I THINK ONE OF THE TALENT ENDED UP HAVING TO WALK OFF SET BECAUSE HE WAS DRY-HEAVING FROM THE SMELL.
AND THE POOR GIRL THAT GOT IT DUMPED ON HER, SARAH SHEVON, HAD IT ALL IN HER HAIR AND ALL OVER HER!
IT WAS, UH...IT WAS DEFINITELY AN EXPERIENCE.

DYSFUNCTIONAL DOGMA

MY dad, Pastor Jim, is a well-known preacher here in Dallas and has always been adamant about image. So, like the good, moral man I was raised to be, I have tried to keep my nose pretty clean.

Fortunately (or perhaps unfortunately), I had never been too curious about sex. Even at age twenty-six, I'm still bashful about it. Growing up, I was taught that sex was a modest act—something done behind closed doors between husband and wife under the covenant of God. My entire lifestyle was molded to fit that perspective. Lust was sinful, and I wanted no part of it. That is, until I noticed the new girl in the choir at the 9:30 service.

That Sunday morning I watched her from across the pews as my dad led the sermon. She was beautiful. I did the same thing the following Sunday, and the Sunday after that. I loved how her body arched into this striking, alluring position when she sang. She'd stretch her fingers toward the sky, lost in hymn.

My acute shyness caused my mind to go haywire each time I was close to her, but one day—perhaps by God's will—we ran into each other at the baptizing pool. I noticed a crucifix key chain hanging from her pocket that read "Shiloh Baptist retreat 2016." She held out her hand to introduce herself.

"You're Pastor Jim's son, right?"

I nodded.

"I'm Hannah," she said. "Good to meet you." Then she added, "Hope to see you around, Pastor Jim's son."

"Oh, right," I blurted after a moment, realizing I'd left something out of the introduction. "My name's Brent. Good to meet you, Hannah."

I was nervous around Hannah. I get nervous around pretty girls. But there was a smile in her eyes when we talked.

As the weeks went on, Hannah and I discovered our mutual love of volleyball and met twice weekly for an evening game in the church courtyard with a few other parishioners. One night, as I came up for a serve, a small ring fell out of my pocket. Hannah picked it up and glanced at the inscription on the inside. It was my purity ring—the one that symbolizes my intention to save myself for marriage. I'd had that stupid ring since I was fourteen. I'd worn it as part of my daily getup for years.

Hannah stepped toward me, an intriguing expression on her face.

"You know, Brent," she whispered, "there are other ways to express love that are still within God's plan." She pressed the ring into my palm.

That night, Hannah and I were the last to leave the volleyball court. After taking a look around to make sure no one was watching, she grabbed my hand and pulled me into the church auditorium. It was deserted except for the donation baskets sitting idly at the end of pews.

I COULD FEEL MY HEART POUNDING IN MY THROAT AS I WATCHED THE TIP OF MY DICK DISAPPEAR INTO HER BACKDOOR.

I felt a tingling in my groin. I could barely control my anticipation. Still, Hannah's hands, wandering down my body now, confused my moral compass. This was a serious sin, wasn't it? Fooling around in the house of the Lord? Each throbbing wave of heat I felt in my little fella was surely the devil at play.

"Don't be afraid," Hannah said, sensing my trepidation. "It's a natural attraction." She sat down on a pew and opened her thighs. Her workout pants outlined her shapely legs, and her large breasts drew the fabric of her T-shirt tight across her chest.

She pulled me in for a kiss, and I thought I was going to explode. Her tongue was so soft, so smooth…so warm. She massaged my petrified hard-on expertly over my pants. It felt so good. I stopped clenching and finally started to relax. Hannah ran her tongue from the back of my ear to my neck. Up and down. She unzipped my pants and I looked down—I was so hard I was purple.

Hannah pressed her fingers against my lips and pushed them into my mouth. I was surprised, but I instinctively sucked on them. She pulled them out, hooked the waistband of her pants with her thumbs, and tugged them down. She turned away from me, licked one of her hands, and started drawing circles around her butthole with her slick fingers, letting out a few soft moans as she darted her fingers in and out of her ass, stretching out her goody hole with that slow, rhythmic, circular motion.

Then she reached back, grabbed my dick, and pulled it toward her. "Now push slowly," she said, bending over and positioning her arms on the pew in front of her. I could feel my heart pounding in my throat as I watched the tip of my dick disappear into her backdoor. It was tight, and constricting, and amazing—the pleasure overwhelmed me.

All this time, I had only thought of sex in one way. But with each thrust I grappled with everything I'd ever been taught. Why was I enjoying this so much? Was this really sinful?

"How does it feel?" Hannah asked, seeming to sense the surge of thought and doubt that washed over me.

My face felt flushed. I mustered up some words between my gasps. "Um… really good," I said. "Yeah, really good. Can I keep going?"

"Of course," she said, letting out a little giggle. She reached around and started stroking the base of my shaft. "Keep going. I want you to come inside me. Can you do that for me, Brent? Can you come for me?"

Having my dick inside her ass was pure bliss. The tingling I felt throughout my body grew stronger and stronger. Suddenly, an unbelievable wave of pleasure hit me. I felt ballooned with heat…it was like my whole body exploded. I let out a wail. I was breathless. I shuddered and shook. Moments after that, I was calm. I felt the best kind of spent. I had just experienced my first real orgasm.

I still see Hannah every Sunday at the 9:30 service. We meet up after hours most evenings. Sometimes to talk. Other times to play. Hannah has given me a newfound understanding of pleasure without shame. An understanding that grows deeper each time she bends over the pew.

—Brent B., Dallas, Texas

FRENCH TWIST

I NEVER really liked anyone in my high school and didn't feel the need to keep in touch, let alone visit my hometown after I'd left. I wasn't what you'd call popular, so landing a girlfriend was next to impossible. The jocks dated the cheerleaders, and geeks like me relied on porn, fantasy, or both. Mostly, mine centered around a cheerleader named Kelly. She was next level: tanned, blonde, and almost Amazonian. She looked like she should be serving champagne on a Dutch airline.

Last year was my fifteenth reunion and a few of my friends convinced me to go. Admittedly, the teenage boy in me fantasized about seeing Kelly after all these years. Had she heard about my success as a defense attorney?

I SMILED AS I THOUGHT OF MY SILLY FORMER CLASSMATES MAKING SMALL TALK AT THE REUNION, WHILE I HAD MY COCK IN MS. HOOPER'S WET PUSSY.

Would she confess that I was her secret crush and throw herself at me with uncontrollable lust? Would we fuck in the school gym, rammed up against the padded walls while the rest of our classmates choked on watered-down punch? I wasn't thrilled about returning home, but I was determined to fuck my dream girl.

When I pulled up to the event, I saw a group of ladies warmly greeting one another with shrieks and hugs. Kelly was in the center of the cuddle fest. Gathering up my courage, I opened the door to my Lexus.

Suddenly, I spotted a man approaching the group of women. He walked right into Kelly's arms as she welcomed him with a kiss. He stuck his hand out, greeting all her cheerleading pals. I peeled out of the parking lot. What the hell was I thinking?

The liquor store down the street seemed like a good destination to sweep up the shards of my destroyed fantasy. I stormed into the dimly lit store, snatched a bottle of merlot, and beelined to the cashier. While handing over my credit card, I felt a tap on my shoulder.

"Stephen? Is that you?"

I turned around to see a gorgeous, raven-haired woman beaming at me. I must have stared at her for an entire minute before it hit me like a ton of bricks: She was my former French teacher, Ms. Hooper.

"Ms. Hooper," I said, scanning her up and down like a TSA machine. "How are you?"

She looked as good as she did back when I was a teenager. Ms. Hooper had the perfect hourglass figure. You couldn't draw curves that spectacular. And it was

obvious not much had changed. In school, all the jocks hit on Ms. Hooper. After all, she was only a few years older than us.

I walked her outside and we continued to catch up. She told me that I was always one of her favorite students and that she knew I was destined for law. As we talked she inched closer, leaning in to touch my arm and laugh at my jokes. I told her I was in town for the reunion and she asked if I'd be into skipping it and having a glass of wine at her house.

Within an hour, I was polishing off my third glass in Ms. Hooper's living room. Loose from the booze, we joked about school and each time she laughed, she would playfully touch my thigh. She was shockingly sexy. I wanted to fuck her brains out, but I couldn't bring myself to make a move.

As if reading my thoughts, Ms. Hooper reached for my thigh again, but this time she aimed high and grazed my growing boner. She stopped and made eye contact with me, saying nothing as she softly rubbed my cock, letting it grow beneath my pants. She traced the tip of my cock with her fingernail and pressed her mouth against mine, swirling her tongue with mine and grabbing the back of my neck. We made out like teenagers as she climbed onto my lap, hiking up her skirt and balancing over me on her knees.

She undid my pants and pulled out my dick while I reached between her legs and hooked her panties to the side. I jammed two fingers deep into her wet cunt as she gasped and continued stroking my rod. I picked her up, bent her over the back of the couch, and slid my dick inside her. I grabbed a fistful of her black hair and pounded her, watching as her creamy pale ass bounced like a rubber ball against my abdomen.

Suddenly, she started moaning in French. I had no idea what she was saying (she was using words we didn't learn in class), but it made me fuck her harder. I smiled as I thought of my silly former classmates making small talk at the reunion, while I had my cock in Ms. Hooper's wet pussy, fucking her like a boss.

That thought sent me over the edge. I pulled out, blew my load all over the small of her back, and blasted

strands onto her skirt and blouse. I heard her moan again as she reached around and rubbed my thick come all over her ass. She flipped around, kissed me hard, and trotted off to the bathroom.

I sat there on the couch, stunned in disbelief. When she came back, I noticed her stained, rumpled outfit. I smiled to myself. This was better than *Revenge of the Nerds.*

—Stephen, Toronto, Ontario

OH, ANGELA

I MET Angela my first year of college. She'd been assigned as my physical therapist after I busted my leg playing lacrosse.

When I entered the office for my first appointment, Angela was bent over the filing cabinet. A black lace thong peeked out from the top of her pants. Her long, dark hair was swept back into a ponytail. She must have sensed me staring, because she glanced back in my direction and let a smile escape her lips.

I was young, inexperienced, and dying for pussy, which made every appointment with Angela a tug-of-war between my brain and my dick. Even in her uniform, it was obvious that Angela's body was flawless. This was confirmed every time she performed leg stretches on me. I laid face-up on a floor mat while she balanced on her knee, one hand firmly around my thigh and the other extending my calf muscle toward her shoulder. With every stretch, I could feel her tits against my lower leg. My dick was losing the war.

"Your chart says you've been prescribed medical marijuana," Angela said one afternoon as she worked on my injured leg.

"Yeah, it really helps with the pain," I replied. "Being stoned is a plus."

"You know, you're my last patient of the day." She let out a sly grin. "When our appointment ends, I'll be locking the front door."

Was this a setup? I knew she wouldn't come right out and ask to smoke with me. I took her bait and went for it. "I usually smoke a joint in the parking lot before heading home," I said. "You're welcome to join me."

I could feel the weight of her body pushing me down into the mat.

"You cannot tell a soul," she whispered. "I

I FELT DRUNK FROM THE SCENT OF HER PUSSY AS SHE LOWERED HERSELF OVER MY MOUTH AND SAT ON MY FACE.

would be fired in a second."

Her cleavage was staring me down like it wanted to fight. I could feel my dick getting harder and harder. My cock waved an imaginary surrender flag as it rose and tented the loose material of my sweatpants. There was no hiding my boner. I clenched, expecting her to recoil in disgust at my erection.

Instead, Angela lowered my leg, placed her hand on my stiffening cock, and started to massage it. I was in disbelief. Then she pulled my sneakers off and lowered my pants.

"I want to see you touch that cock," she said.

Without hesitation, I licked my hand and began stroking. A wicked smile stretched across her face as she pulled her top over her head and popped open the front clasp of her bra with one hand. I secretly congratulated myself as her perfect tits spilled out. Angela kicked her shoes off and wiggled out of her uniform.

"Don't move," she instructed, crawling toward my head. I felt drunk from the scent of her pussy as she lowered herself over my mouth and sat on my face. I had little idea what I was doing, but went for it immediately. I slowly ran my tongue between her pussy lips. She was entirely warm and swollen. I wanted to suck up every drop of her.

"Keep going, aim your tongue higher," she guided. I followed her instruction and moved higher, lapping her up like a thirsty dog. I varied my speed, circling the tip of my tongue over her clit. I knew I found the right spot when she began to moan. She grabbed my right hand and stuck three fingers in her mouth.

"Now, I want you to stick two fingers in my pussy and one in my ass, but keep that tongue moving," she commanded. "Whatever you do, don't stop."

I obeyed, grateful for the direction. As I slid my fingers in and out of her pussy, her thighs began to quiver and her moans elevated to a scream as she convulsed around my hand. I could feel her orgasm shudder down through my arms.

"You're a quick study," Angela said before grabbing my hand and sticking it back into her mouth. She looked me dead in the eyes as she licked my fingers clean. Then she climbed off my face and lowered herself directly onto my cock and leaned forward to kiss me. I cupped her tits and flicked one of her nipples with my tongue. She moaned again, and my dick was about to unleash holy hell. Her pussy had a death grip on me.

"You're dying to come in me, aren't you?" she urged, caressing my face. "Go ahead. I want you to."

My heart pounded as I let go, blasting everything out of me and deep inside of her. I was dizzy and come-drunk. She brushed the hair from my eyes as we both tried to catch our breath.

"Want to get high and make out in your car?" she asked.

Fuck yes.

My leg healed a long time ago and I'm back to tearing it up on the lacrosse field, but I still go to physical therapy. You know…for maintenance.

— James K., Boulder, Colorado

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(B)ENDGAME

JAMES JOYCE, PSYCHIC SPOONING, AND FUCKING JASON.

BY DAVE CARNIE

I MET Derek Pyle at the Pig'n Whistle, a vaguely Irish bar in Hollywood. Derek is the creator of Waywords and Meansigns (waywordsandmeansigns.com), a site dedicated to putting James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* to music. This was the first time we'd met in person. Almost immediately after greeting Derek, however, I bumped my finger on the bar and it started gushing blood. I had nicked the digit on a knife the night before and apparently the wound hadn't completely healed.

"Just a flesh wound," I laughed, trying to stem the tide with a wad of napkins. The first wad quickly turned red and had to be replaced. Have you ever met someone and they started bleeding? It was very embarrassing. But it did allow me to introduce a subject of conversation.

"Have you heard the theory about the river of blood in *Finnegans Wake*?" I asked Derek. He had not, so I explained.

The first word in *Finnegans Wake* is "riverrun." The river, also known as Anna Livia Plurabelle (ALP), runs through the entire book. Chapter I.8, nicknamed "The River Chapter," is about two washerwomen gossiping about Anna Livia while washing her husband's dirty laundry on opposite banks of a river. The names of hundreds of rivers across the world are woven into the text of this chapter. That Anna Livia is the Mother Goddess and source of all rivers is undisputed, but John Bishop presents, in his *Joyce's Book of the Dark,* an alternative idea that the river could also be the river of blood coursing through the veins of the man dreaming the story that is *Finnegans Wake* itself. In Bishop's exhaustive analysis he cites references in the text to blood, veins, heartbeats, and "the pulse of our slumber."

"Interesting," Derek said.

After discussing this idea for half an hour, the blood flowing from my wound had subsided to a degree where I could remove the napkins and be a normal person again. I decided to celebrate with a beer.

"I'll have a Guinness, please," I said to the buxom bartender girl. Given all the Irishness about, a Guinness made sense.

When the buxom bartender pulled on the tap, however, the black liquid sputtered and sprayed. It was the tap right in front of me, so I got misted with a little stout.

"Sorry," the bartender said.

When she returned the tap to its upright position, however, it failed to heed her command and continued pouring.

"That's not right," she said.

She pulled it down again, then up again, down, up, down, up, but it had no effect. She fidgeted with the spout and managed to get it to stop spraying us like a sprinkler, but the black stuff continued to flow. That's when the panic set in.

"JASON!" the bartender yelled nervously down the bar. "JASON! SHUT IT OFF!" She explained the keg had been recently changed, so Jason was presumably still in the back room. While she waited for backup, she scrambled for glasses and stuck whatever she could find under the flowing tap. "Fuck," she muttered.

THE SPOON RESPONDED TO MY COMMANDS MUCH THE WAY FUCKING JASON RESPONDED TO THE WATERFALL OF GUINNESS: IT DIDN'T.

A dimwitted young man emerged from a back room at the end of the bar. This was Jason. The buxom bartender showed Jason her predicament. Jason did not indicate he understood or cared. He said nothing and returned to the back room.

The bartender held glasses of all shapes and sizes under the waterfall of Guinness and began lining them up along the well. She filled wine glasses, highballs, even shot glasses with the cascading ebony nectar. It wasn't long before she began running out of glasses and space.

"Can you believe this?" I said to Derek. "It's a river of Guinness!"

While the blood theory is an interesting interpretation, Anna Livia is most closely associated with the river Liffey that flows through the center of Joyce's native Dublin. The Liffey is traditionally (albeit falsely) thought to be the source of water for the Guinness brewery that sits on her banks.

"The mudder of all rivers," Derek said, using a Joyce pun for both the Mother Goddess and the muddy complexion of Guinness.

"JASOOOON!" the bartender screamed. Jason appeared again as before: No expression, no concern. "DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?" she yelled. "SHUT IT OFF!"

Jason stared. I wondered for a moment if he was made out of wood. Then Jason silently returned to the back room again.

"Fucking Jason," the bartender mumbled under her breath.

"You know," I said to her as she stuffed a coffee mug under the tap, "that's not how you pour a proper pint of Guinness."

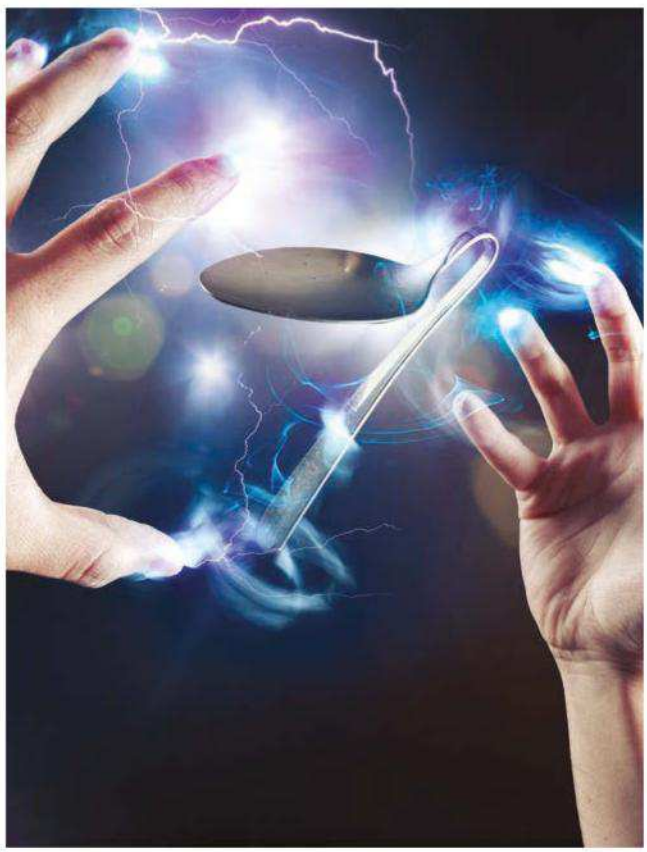
She gave me a "Really?" face and I decided it best to say no more.

Fucking Jason managed to disconnect the tap because the flood of Irish champagne slowed to a trickle, a drip, a drop, a lone, a last, and then ceased.

"Well," the buxom bartender said, surveying the mess and the long line of black glasses on the bar, "we now have a special on Guinness: three-dollar pints!"

I thought three dollars was a little high for what amounted to a "used" pint of beer, but I bought one all the same.

The day before, I'd finished the book *Phenomena,* by Annie Jacobsen (full review on page 32), about secret government programs on ESP, and it had me in a tizzy about unexplainable psychic phenomenon, something I've experienced often. Strange synchronistic events seem to follow me around. An old friend once said to me, "Man, you're all hooked up to the cosmic grid and shit."



So as I sat there at the Pig'n Whistle, splattered in Irish stout and wondering if I was somehow responsible, an idea occurred to me: Maybe I have psychic powers?

Spoon-bending and its most famous practitioner, Uri Geller, is a recurring subject throughout *Phenomena.* Proponents of spoon-bending insist that anyone can do it. There's even one guy in the book that hosted "spoon-bending parties" during which completely normal people, including children, succeeded in bending spoons with the power of their minds.

Well, I thought, if I can cause a keg of Guinness to explode, surely I can bend a spoon.

To prepare, I watched an online video of Uri Geller.

"I'm going to show you something quite extraordinary," Uri says, standing before a wall of hundreds of compromised spoons. "Something…AMAZING! Spoon-bending!"

He then instructs would-be spoon-benders to "Open up your mind! Do not be skeptical! Believe in yourself!" Other than "get comfortable" and "rub gently," that is essentially the only instruction one receives from Uri on the art of spoon-bending: Totally believe.

To demonstrate, Uri holds the bowl of a spoon with one hand, and with the other hand he massages the junction at the stem with his thumb and forefinger. As he does so the bowl of the spoon appears to loosen.

"It's going!" Uri exclaims as the stem starts to bend. "It's going–AND THERE IT IS! IT'S GONE!" he screams as the bowl drops to the floor.

While reading *Phenomena,* I'd enjoyed the tales surrounding Uri Geller, but when I watched this video I found him extremely annoying. *What a maroon,* I thought.

Uri Geller is not a maroon because he has made millions of dollars bending spoons, but that doesn't make his theatrics any less distasteful. For one, Uri speaks in a tone of voice usually reserved for children. And that might be because the only people who might find his performance "extraordinary" are children. If he had bent the spoon without the use of his hands, then I'd be prone to accept his description of "extraordinary," but given that he's in constant contact with the object I suspect sleight of hand. Still, I wanted to try to bend a spoon with my mind.

I retrieved an ordinary spoon from the kitchen drawer and got comfortable on the couch. I held the spoon at eye level and began massaging the junction with my fingers as Uri had instructed. It's hard not to be skeptical when you already are, and even harder to "totally believe" when you don't, but I gave it my best shot.

Grrrr! I'm totally believing!

I even talked to the spoon because I had seen other videos in which Uri commands the spoon to bend. "Bend!" he says over and over again. "Bennnnnnd!"

There was no one else home, but I still felt foolish talking to a spoon.

I won't say I was surprised the spoon didn't bend, but I was disappointed. The spoon responded to my commands much the way Fucking Jason responded to the waterfall of Guinness: It didn't. If there was any psychic activity going on, it came from the spoon. It was probably just my imagination, but I had the uncanny sensation that the spoon was talking to me.

"Why are you trying to ruin a perfectly fine piece of cutlery?" a voice said inside my head. "What's the fucking point of that, you idiot?"

How rude, I thought. *Fuck you, you fucking spoon.*

"Eat a bowl of dick, bitch," the spoon replied. This dude was really trying to stir some shit up.

I will, I thought back, *and I'll use a knife and fork, because who eats a bowl of dick with a spoon?*

"Your mom," the spoon replied.

ZING! The spoon got me on that one. And so it was the spoon that bent me–bent me over and butt-fucked me right in the mouth.

Dave Carnie is a sultry, sexy redhead who loves horseback riding.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / FER GREGORY

DAWN SHAW

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★★

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

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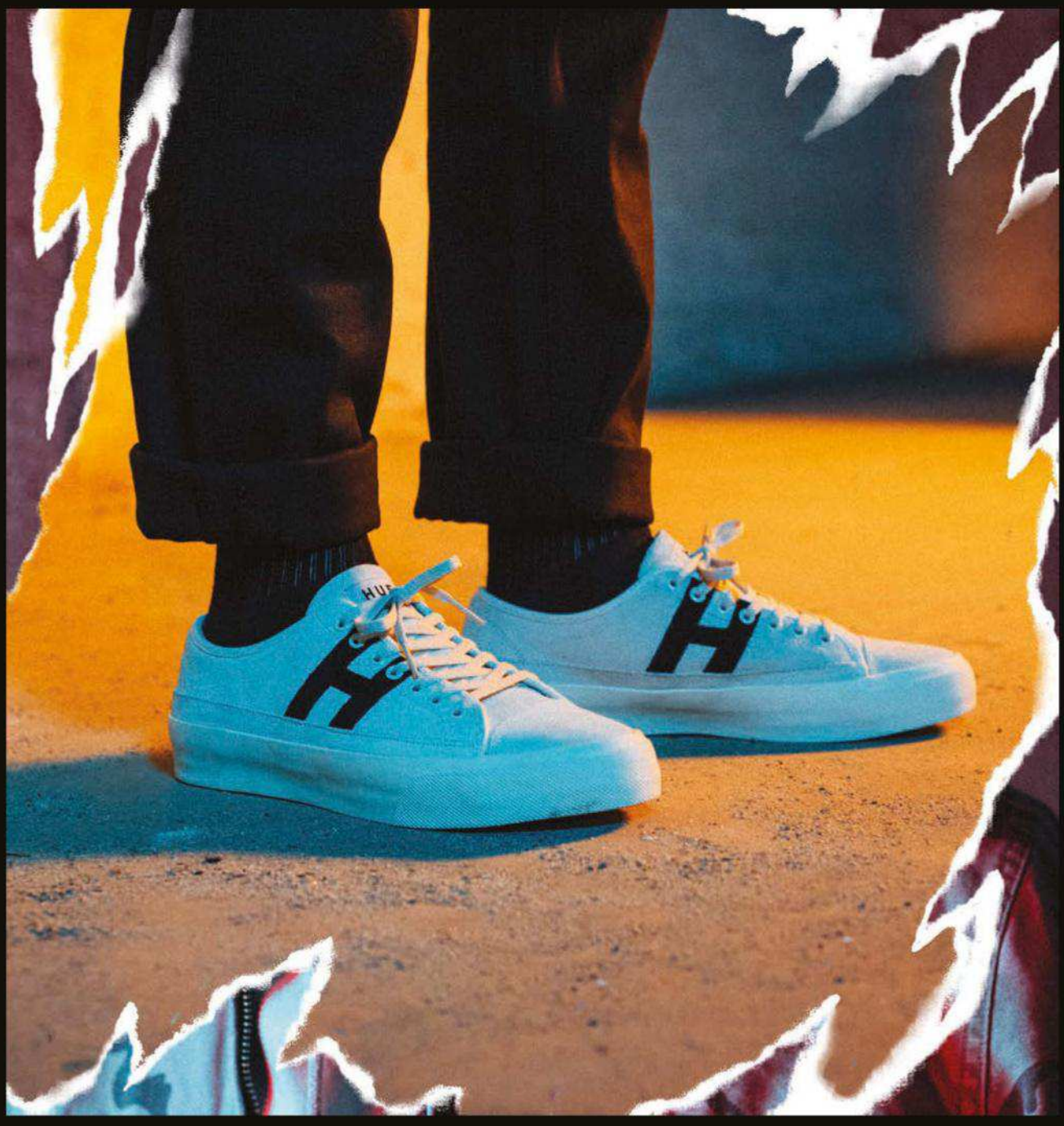

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